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TO A DAISY IN DECEMBER.

SAD, solitary daisy, did some dream
Of unknown life and long-desired delight
Flash on thy wintry slumbers like the gleam
Of silent lightning in the summer night?

What sudden promptings pierced thy tender
core,
And thrilled the quivering fibres of thy
root?

What secret longing never felt before
Impelled thy leaves thus ere their day to
shoot?

Did'st seem to hear the lark's light love-song
run
Adown the sky, and fall extinct to earth?
Did'st feel the glow of summer's golden sun
Flush thy pale petals at its rosy birth?

Wast wooed with whispers by the warm west
wind
To dash the trembling dewdrop from thine
eye?
Did'st taste the kiss of one of thine own kind,
And faint with new life feel content to die?

How sad to wake and find 'twas but a dream!
To feel the blasts of winter's icy breath,
And shiver 'neath the pale sun's cheerless
beam,
To hear no lark, to die a lonely death!
Academy. PAGET TOYNBEE.

WAITING.

"In winter, Earth wears a pathetic aspect, because
she is waiting for Spring, and this is better than Au-
tumn, which looks so hopeless."

"BETTER calm death than dying life," I
thought,

As on the sodden earth the brown leaves lay,
Or, fluttering from the boughs, day after day,
Were still by wandering winds in legions
brought,

And cast on fields and woodland ways, and
tossed

From hedge to plain — and back in wild un-
rest.

Now, in this scene, by silence all possessed,
No leaves appear, for, swept away and lost,
Those sapless forms and dry no more are
here,

But yielding their sweet lives (once deemed
so fair),

Give nurture to the flowers and roots, and
wear

Themselves to dust, that in the new-born year
Fresh beauty may arise; thus Nature weaves
A crown of glory from her own dead leaves.

Chambers' Journal.

J. C. HOWDEN.

I WAS just five years old, that December,
And a fine little promising boy —
So my grandmother said, I remember,
And gave me a strange-looking toy:

In its shape it was lengthy and rounded,
It was papered with yellow and blue,
One end with a glass top was bounded,
At the other a hole to look through.

"Dear granny, what's this?" I came, cry-
ing —

"A box for my pencils? — but see,
I can't open it, hard though I'm trying —
O, what is it? what can it be?"

"Why, my dear, if you only look through it,
And stand with your face to the light;
Turn it gently (that's just how to do it!),
And you'll see a remarkable sight."

"O, how beautiful!" cried I, delighted,
As I saw each fantastic device,
The bright fragments now closely united,
All falling apart in a trice.

Times have passed, and new years will now
find me,
Each birthday, no longer a boy,
Yet methinks that their turns may remind me
Of the turns of my grandmother's toy.

For in all this world, with its beauties,
Its pictures so bright and so fair,
You may vary the pleasures and duties,
But still, the same pieces are there.

From the time that the earth was first
founded,

There has never been anything new —
The same thoughts, the same things, have re-
dounded

Till the colors have pall'd on the view.

But — though all that is old is returning,
There is yet in this sameness a change;
And new truths are the wise ever learning,
For the patterns must always be strange.

Shall we say that our days are all weary?
All labor, and sorrow, and care,
That its pleasures and joys are but dreary,
Mere phantoms that vanish in air?

Ah, no! there are some darker pieces,
And others transparent and bright;
But this, surely, the beauty increases, —
Only — stand with your face to the light.

And the treasures for which we are yearning,
Those joys, now succeeded by pain —
Are *but* spangles, just hid in the turning;
They will come to the surface again.

Gentleman's Magazine.

"B."

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE ASCERTAINMENT OF ENGLISH.

IN the year 1712 Dr. Jonathan Swift, the renowned author of "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Tale of a Tub," one of the literary magnates of an eminently literary age, published a pamphlet, containing a proposal for "correcting, improving, and 'ascertaining' the English tongue." The idea excited little attention except among the witlings and petty punsters, who hung on to the skirts of literature, as their successors do now, and who did their best, or their worst, to turn it into ridicule. These people were especially hostile in their own small way to the notion that the government should give any assistance to the project of establishing an Academy of Letters, similar to that which had not long previously been instituted in France by royal authority. The academy was the main recommendation of the plan by which Dr. Swift hoped to effect his much-needed reform. The proposal, in spite of the indifference and the opposition with which it was received, had much to recommend it, although the necessity of such a regulation of the literary language of the nation was much less imperative than it has since become. Dean Swift was not sanguine enough to hope that the reformation would apply to the wild and reckless colloquial speech of the multitudes which then as now was overburdened by vulgar slang unfit for the purposes of literature, and confined his efforts at correction and improvement to the language employed in books, or in the speech of the educated classes, of the bar, of the pulpit, and of the senate, and the ordinary conversation of refined and intelligent people. In those days slang was almost wholly confined to the lowest classes, to the tramps, the beggars, and the thieves, to whom books and letters were unknown, and whose jargon had not penetrated out of the slums, and the haunts of the dishonest and disreputable, into the ordinary conversation of gentlemen and gentlewomen, or become the stock in trade of vulgar and aggressive journalists of the lowest grade, and had not grown into excrescences and deformities on the fair body of literature.

Possibly the project would have had a

better chance of acceptance, if it had not been encumbered with the scheme of the academy on the Paris model, unwelcome to the English people because it was French, if for no other reason; and might have been considered on its merits, as the Dean of St. Patrick's doubtless hoped that it would be. But in those days everything that was French was unpopular; and literature itself was not much regarded unless its influence was directed to the support of factions and parties which were then, as now, the scandal and misfortune of Great Britain and all free countries, and governments dependent upon mob support. Had the ruling powers of that day understood the importance of literature to a great nation — great because of its literature, as well as on account of its arts, its arms, and its material wealth — and had had sagacity and forethought enough to include a minister of education, as well as a minister of war, of finance, and of foreign affairs, among its high functionaries, the project of the dean might have fared better at the hands of his contemporaries. This is a consummation, however, to which the nation has not even yet arrived, though some approaches have been made towards it.

In our School Board era — when the new generations are being taught to handle the tools of knowledge, to read, to write, and to cast accounts, and boys and girls think themselves educated because these tools of education are put within their reach, although the skill and the power to use them to advantage are not given them, or are possible to be acquired by them in the fierce competition for bare existence, consequent on the excess of population and the overcrowded state of the labor market in our narrow islands — a revival of the project of Dean Swift might have a more favorable chance of acceptance by the State than it had in his day.

The questions involved are still open for discussion. Our noble speech promises to become the predominant, though not perhaps the only, language of the civilization of the coming centuries, and is already heard like the morning drum-beat of British power in every part of the globe. It floats upon the wings of a widely per-

vading literature, and of a still more pervading commerce to the uttermost ends of the earth, and will inevitably be the speech, more or less preserved in its purity, or corrupted by ignorance, carelessness, or the imitative perversity of the semi-educated multitude of the young and mighty nations, now in their adolescence or early maturity, which have arisen or are arising in North America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and every country where seed can grow or man can thrive, to take the place of such old grandfathers of civilization as the English, French, Italian, and German languages of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

The purpose of the present paper, as was that of Dean Swift a hundred and seventy years ago, is to treat of the purity and preservation of literary English, and to leave undiscussed and with slight mention the colloquial parlance of the multitude, which is governed by its own laws or by the absence of laws, and corrupted by the changeful, frivolous, and often base and degraded fashion of the time, and which has no claim to represent the culture of the nation; and to maintain a purity of language which it neither appreciates nor is able to understand. The subject naturally divides itself into three branches: *first*, the correction of old or new orthographical errors; *second*, the misuse of words that are still legitimate and necessary parts of the language; and *third*, the restoration to currency of the words that have been unnecessarily suffered to drop out of the speech of our cultivated ancestors, whose genius created and adorned our literature, and gave it a foremost place in the intellectual history of mankind.

As regards the first branch of the subject, few will deny that the orthography of the English language demands reform. We need not go the length of the fanatics of phoneticism (who would spell wife *yf*, knee *nee*, and write *eye* in the same manner as the personal pronoun *I*) to desire a change in the spelling of many English words which are a stumbling-block to foreigners as well as to natives. The instances of "plough," "though," "enough,"

"borough," "cough," "dough," "ought," in which seven words the letters ought to have seven different sounds, are more than sufficient to prove that a reformation in spelling is highly desirable, and that plough ought to be written and printed *plow*; through, *thru*, or *throo*; enough, *enuf*; borough, *burrow*, or *burro*; cough, *cawf*; dough, *doe*; and ought, *aut* or *ort* with the *r* quiescent. In like manner the verb "to do" ought to be written "to du" or "to doo," and the past tense of "to read" ought not to be spelled in exactly the same manner as the present tense of the same verb; but I did *read* (pronounced I *redd*) should be written phonetically; and I did *eat* (pronounced I *ett*, or I *ate*) should follow the same rule. Why the double *l* should necessarily be employed in the words spell, well, bell, smell, fell, and many others, while one *l* is considered sufficient in rebel, propel, excel, repel, expel, etc., is not apparent to ordinary intelligence, or explicable by any philological and etymological reasons.

Why English writers, talkers, and printers should persist in ignoring the past tenses of so many verbs in daily use passes comprehension, so needless and so anomalous is the lazy and incorrect habit into which some good writers as well as the vulgar have permitted themselves to fall. "I *bid* him do it *now*" is correct; but "I *bid* him do it *yesterday*," in which the present tense is used instead of *bade* in the past, is an indefensible corruption. Among the verbs which have been deprived of their past tenses and their preterites, may be specified to bet, to beat, to let, to spread, to shed, to cut, to put, and to shut. There are no grammatical or any other reasons why they should not have been among the verbs which have inflections in other languages, but never had in English, though they ought to have had if intelligent grammarians had had the original ordering of the language. "Can" and "must" have not even the infinitive "to can" and "to must." "Can" has a past tense ("could"), but no future, which can only be rendered by the paraphrase "I shall be able," or "It will be in my power." "Must" has neither a past nor a future — "I *must* do

it to-day" has to be put into the past tense by the roundabout locution, "I was obliged to do it," or "It was necessary that I should do it;" while the future of the verb *falloir*, which in the corresponding case, in the more precise language of the French, is *il faut*, becoming *il faudra* in the future, is in English only to be expressed by a periphrase, expressive both of compulsion and obligation in futurity. The same disability to express the future belongs to the verb *may*, which, like *can*, has no infinitive, though it has a past tense as *might*, but no future in *will may*, and no present participle corresponding with the French *pouvant*. The French are more precise than the English, and say "*il se peut*" and "*il se pourra*." But no such niceties of grammatical construction are permissible in the English. These defects are ineradicable and irremediable in the old age of the language, but might have been adopted in its youth if any great authors had given them currency.

The very common substitute of *had* for *would*, consequent upon the abbreviation of *I'd*, which does duty both for *I had* and *I would*, stands in a different category, and is easy of correction, if competent and fashionable writers would but take the trouble to understand the language which they employ. "*I had rather not*," instead of "*I would rather not*," is a phrase of constant recurrence in the editorial columns of influential journals of the first rank, and in the pages of authors of established reputation. The few following instances may serve to show the prevalence of the error.

People in the responsible position of ministers *had better* take time. (*It would be better for people in the responsible position of ministers to take time.*) — *Times*.

Interesting as is the subject, and eloquent as are the speakers, we *had* (would) rather hear them descant upon some other theme. — *Times*.

The preface *had better* not have been written. (*It would have been better if the preface had not been written.*) — *Morning Post*.

A gentleman of such delicate susceptibilities as Mr. Walpole *had better* not have trusted himself to a personal interview with Mr. Beales. — *Saturday Review*. (*It would have*

been better if Mr. Walpole had not trusted himself, etc.)

I had rather have lost an arm. (*I would rather have lost an arm.*) — THACKERAY, "The Virginians."

The account of it *had better* be given in his own words. (*It would have been better if the account had been given in his own words.*) — LEIGH HUNT, "The Old Court Suburb."

Reforms in the orthography not affecting the structure of a language, or much, if at all, affecting its grammar, are comparatively easy for any government, whether free or despotic, to establish. The fact is evident from the attempt successfully made by the German government in 1880 to purify the German language, as spoken in Prussia, from the literal excrescences which it had inherited from the past, or which had been suffered to grow upon it by the careless ignorance of new generations. In that year, the then minister of education under Kaiser Wilhelm the First (a monarch who personally cared little or nothing for literature, but was sensible enough to allow a free hand to his ministers), introduced, recommended, supported, and, as far as his authority extended, enforced several amendments in the recognized orthography of the German language. Of the first of these reforms no notice requires to be taken, inasmuch as it merely refers to the *umlaut*, or dots over the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*, which modify their pronunciation, and are sometimes represented by the diphthongs *ae*, *oe*, and *eu*. These modifications do not exist in English, or if they do, are otherwise represented. The second abolishes or substitutes a single *r* for a double *s* in the termination *niss*, equivalent to the English *ness*, as in *goodness*, *forgiveness*, etc. The third abolishes the *h* in words of which the syllable *thum* forms a part, as in *Eigenthum* (property), which is thenceforward to be written *Eigentum*. The fourth abolishes, as unnecessary, the *h* in such words as *Thier* (an animal), *That* (a deed), *Theil* (a part), etc. The fifth abolishes the *h* in all the words where it is not sounded, as in *Armuth* (poverty), *Athem* (breath), *Noth* (need), *Thurm* (a tower), *Wirth* (a host), *wuth* (mad), and many others. The sixth omits the *d* where it is mute and wholly unnecessary, as in

Schwert (sword), *Ernte* (harvest), and others, while the last abolishes the double vowels in such words as *Schaam* (shame), *Schooss* (a lap, or bosom), *queer* (crooked) — the root of our English queer — *Schaaf* (a sheep), *Loosing* (a lottery), etc.

The Americans have endeavored, in a minor degree, to introduce into their books an alteration in the common English spelling of words, in which it appeared to them that the vowel *u* was used unnecessarily. They print *honor*, instead of *honour*, *valor* instead of *valour*, *favor* instead of *favour*, etc., in which alteration they follow the Latin in preference to the French orthography. The reform, though of comparatively small value, has been accepted by American authors and printers, and might be advantageously adopted in the mother country. The change from *theatre* to *theater* has less to recommend it, though it is not without its advantages. They have also abolished the double consonant in such words as *traveller*, *waggon*, and others, a change of which the propriety is questionable. *Bitter*, with a single *t*, might be pronounced *biter*, and *waggon*, if written *wagon*, might become *way-gon*.

An English minister of education could have no difficulty in enforcing, by his authority and example, such reforms as these, and in introducing them into all acts of Parliament, blue-books, proclamations, and official documents of every kind. Printers and authors, without any compulsion, but by the sheer force of fashion and good example, would gradually conform themselves to the new spelling; all new dictionaries and schoolbooks would adopt it, obstinate and opinionated printers would follow suit, and in no long time the much-needed reform would establish itself upon a basis too firm to be shaken.

A grammatical reform would be a matter of much greater difficulty, and possibly no minister of education would have courage to grapple with it, and endeavor to reduce into order our irregular and imperfect verbs by the restoration of their past tenses and preterites. Such a task, however, if successfully accomplished, would confer lasting honor upon the memory of any minister. But what a British functionary, even of the highest rank, might vainly strive to do, British poets, novelists, historians, essayists, and orators might do, if they were of one mind on the subject, by setting the example of restoring to daily use the words that were good enough for Wickliffe, Tindal, Chaucer, the author of "Piers Ploughman," Spenser, and Shakespeare, but have, for no inher-

ent demerits of their own, fallen out of the speech and literature of the nineteenth century. The true poets and the great historians may be, and are, trusted to preserve, and even to restore, the beauty and the purity of the language. But no such merit can be claimed for the ordinary novelist, male and female, or the multitudinous writers of our too prolific journalism. Most of these seek popularity among the half-educated classes and the *alumni* of the School Board, and do their best to perpetuate the language of the streets, the stables, the smoking-room and the tea-table, and encumber it either with slang, or with senseless exaggerations or perversions of meaning. The multitude is parrot-like in its power of imitation of that which it often hears, and adopts the stupidest words and phrases, out of sheer want of thought, and the ignorant perversities of an imperfect education, or the abortive struggle to originate or to reproduce a dull jocosity. Even the better instructed classes fall into this idle and vulgar habit, and talk of *dilapidated* garments, *dilapidated* boots, and even of *dilapidated* lungs (a phrase employed by no less a talking master than Mr. Gladstone, as an excuse for not making a speech to the mob). Such mocking-birds describe the *christening* of a horse, a dog, a gun, a street, or a ship, utterly forgetful of the fact that to *christen* is to admit into the community of the Christian Church by the sacred rite of baptism, and that a thing, an animal, or a person may be *named*, without being admitted into the Christian fold, and that to name, even if to *clepe* (except in the past participle *yclept*) be obsolete, is a good English word.

Others equally, if not still more, vulgar, speak of a woman as one of the *feminine persuasion*, of a penny-a-liner casually employed on the cheaply conducted newspaper as a person of the *reportorial persuasion*, and of a sailor as being of the *naval persuasion*. These people seem to think that *persuasion* is synonymous with distinction of sex, or of employment, and not with a mere difference of opinion in religious matters. It is quite correct to speak of a person as being of the Protestant, the Baptist, or the Methodist persuasion, but it is both vulgar and incorrect to describe a jockey as being of the *horse-racing persuasion*, or a clergyman as belonging to the *pulpit persuasion*. Speakers and writers of this mental calibre never condescend to *support* or agree to, but are always ready to *endorse* a statement. They never *discuss* a subject, but always *venti-*

late it or "let the wind" into it. They describe a dinner party or a smoking concert as a *function*, and a person as a *party*. And if the parrot-like pertinacity of repeating the current words of society, whether it is used in newspapers or in novels, be so strong, it might, under authoritative direction, be made available for the repetition of legitimate and correct English words if influential speakers and writers would but study to use them.

"Function" is a favorite word among the penny-a-liners, male and female, and generally among the demi-semi-educated writers for the daily press, as well as among the multitude whose only literature is supplied by the penny newspapers. "Function" is correctly defined by the dictionaries as the task to be performed by a rational being as a duty, natural or acquired, or by a mechanical contrivance that answers the purpose for which it was constructed. Thus it is the function of a judge to hear and examine, and to deliver judgment; and the function of a barrister to plead for justice, the function of a jury to hear evidence, and of a vane or weathercock to turn with the wind — of a steam engine to draw or propel a carriage or a ship, and of the bowels in man and other animals to perform a part in the retention or digestion of food. But a concert of music, a garden party, a *fête champêtre*, or a dinner, a festivity, or a ceremony of any kind, is not a *function*, though the penny-a-liner and the *alumni* of the Board School speak and write of them as such.

Unfortunately gross errors and solecisms of speech have a greater tendency to establish themselves in popular favor than the correct expressions which they displace. The English public persist in calling the *gorse* berry the *gooseberry*, and *gorse-berry* foulé (*gorse-berry* crushed or mashed, from the French of the menu, *fouler*, to crush) as *gooseberry fool*. The English, in repeating to their children, the fairy tale of Cinderella, persist in calling her slipper one of glass (*verre*), which no lady could dance in, instead of the slipper of *vaire* (miniver or white fur), which would offer no impediment to the little fairy feet of any sylph of the ball-room. They prefer also *sparrow grass* to asparagus — Peckham *Rye* to Peckham Rise — Peerless pool to perilous pool, and "feather few" to febrifuge, and say that a ship *swims* instead of *floats*, as if a ship were a duck or swan, and propelled itself through the water by its own volition.

A very objectionable word that has lately become popular, as the synonym of

dainty, is *toothsome* — from the supposed derivation of *dainty* from *dens*, a tooth. But dainty is not etymologically referable to *dent* or *dens*, but comes from the Celtic *deanta*, completed — perfect — finished. Shakespeare when he speaks of the "*dainty* Ariel" uses an epithet that has no relation to the palate, though it is commonly applied to articles of food and drink, as "a dainty dish" and "a dainty glass" of wine. The toothsome Ariel would be a vile phrase if *dainty* and *toothsome* were as synonymous as the persons who perversely use them consider them to be. *Toothsome* is otherwise objectionable if applied to the delicacies of the palate, for though we masticate with our teeth we do not taste with them. Taste is a faculty of the tongue and the palate, and does not disappear with the loss of the natural teeth or depend upon the usefulness of artificial ones.

Of course no language is theoretically perfect, but all languages, however imperfect they may be, are susceptible of improvement and extension by the progress of civilization and by the growth of new wants and ideas. But though susceptible of improvement, they are still more susceptible of decay. The English language, perhaps more than any other now spoken, has suffered losses which it ought not to have undergone, and received corrections which neither add to its dignity nor its usefulness, and express no new meanings better or more succinctly than they can be expressed by the previously existing words that were used by our ancestors and enshrined in their still living literature.

The English have lost many essential native words which their greatest writers once used, and have replaced them by weaker words from the classic languages of Greece and Rome, which there were not the slightest reasons to borrow. In the first of these two categories are to be placed the equivalents of such words as honor, virtue, education, religion, morality, patriotism, fame, glory, spirit, energy, and others, all of which had their synonyms in the early language, commonly but erroneously called the Anglo-Saxon. This language was not derived from the Saxon, a dialect never spoken in England or anywhere but in a small corner of Germany, where it was but a *patois*. The earliest English instead of being called Anglo-Saxon ought to have been called Anglo-Dutch, Anglo-Danish, or Anglo-Norman, of which, with a considerable modicum or residuum of Celtic or Gaelic, it was almost wholly compounded. Synonyms for

these absolutely essential words existed in the English language a thousand years ago, though but few of them have been suffered to survive, and even those in an attenuated and shadowy form — such as *worship* for virtue, and *worship* for religion — *training* for education, *good manners* for morality, *ghost* for spirit, as in the phrase “the Holy Ghost” for the Holy Spirit, and “love of country” for patriotism. In the second category must be placed the absence of appellations of courtesy or respect applied to any but to persons of exalted rank. Such titles are to be found in other languages, but are not indigenous in English, where such honorary titles as Miss, Mistress, and Madam are all words of foreign derivation, mere corruptions of the French *mademoiselle* and *madame*. Mister is but a form of the Latin *magister*. A word once used in English in a respectful but now only employed in a ludicrous sense was *dan*, as *Dan* Cupid, *Dan* Chaucer, and now surviving in the universities as “Don,” and in the Spanish Don and Donna derived from the Latin *dominus*, and from the still older Celtic word *duine*, a man. “Lord” and “Lady,” however, are strictly English words, and are both derived from the Celtic without any relation either to the Dutch, the Danish, the Norman French, or any of the branches of the Teutonic and sub-Teutonic, or of the classical tongues of antiquity. They are clearly traceable to the Celtic, though philologists of the old school who think themselves to be Saxons, refuse to admit the etymology. Earl, count, viscount, baron, marquis, duke, and their feminines are all foreign — as is king, if not queen, though each is English by adoption. Even the title of knight is not of English growth, while squire is notoriously of French origin, from *écuyer*, a shield-bearer — though perhaps not one squire, or esquire, out of a thousand ever bore a shield, or even saw one.

A still more remarkable deficiency in English is to be found in the non-existence of feminine nouns, that are common in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other European languages. The French have *ami*, a male friend, and *amie*, a friend of the other sex. The Germans have *Freund* and *Freundin*, and the Italians *amico* and *amica*. The English has “companion,” which may be of either sex, but if the speaker who uses the word be desirous of a more particular description, he or she is compelled to resort to the coarse explanation of a “male companion,” or a

“female companion” — unless he use a more elevated form of expression and say a gentleman or a lady companion, though the companion may not be really either a gentleman or a lady. The French do better, and have *compagnon* and *compagnonne*. Attempts have of recent years been made to invent, to restore, and to re-establish feminine terminations to masculine nouns, as in poetess, authoress, and sculptress, but there are still numerous words that would be better understood if the same alterations were made in their terminal syllables. The French have *voleur* and *voleuse*, but the English have not *thiefess* or *robberess*, but must express their meaning by *female thief*, *lady thief*, and *woman thief*, which are all objectionable and inelegant.

The English has also the defect of not possessing any better or more available words than the affix of the primitive syllable *man* to describe the persons engaged in certain trades, pursuits, and professions, as a butterman, a porkman, an eel-pie man, a sportsman, a literary man, a postman, a workman, a pressman, a showman, a ploughman, a night man — all of which might have been more elegantly rendered if a grammarian of constructive genius had had the ordering of the English language in the earlier days of its formation. The same high functionary, in a simpler and ruder state of society, before the great bulk of the community had become shopkeepers, and when they were almost wholly engaged in the pursuits of agriculture, cattle-dealing, or were workers in metals, would have certainly been able to find and to invent a better word than “wholesale” to describe *murder* when it ceased to be the murder of a single individual. The English language desperately needs a better adjective to designate an *indiscriminate massacre*, than one derived from the till or the counting-house. It is almost hopeless, however, to expect that such a word will now be invented, or if invented that it will meet with general acceptance. Such a combination of adjective and noun as “indiscriminate massacre” would meet all the requirements of elegance and correctness, and would commend itself to the literary community as well as to the general public if it could be generally adopted. Wholesale robbery, wholesale swindling, wholesale flattery, and others of a like kind, are equally objectionable, though not quite so offensive as “wholesale murder,” and ought to be banished from speech and writing, as by far too suggestive of the shop and the warehouse. The

French synonym *en gros* is not open to the same objection, or so appropriate to a nation of shopkeepers as both the French and the English are.

Another deficiency in the English language is that of a verb which will express the act of drawing anything out of the water. We are made to say that we *fish* a dead body out of the sea or the river, and to *fish* any substance out of the water that has been lost or thrown into it, although the action might be expressed in a synonym, such as draw up, draw out, rescue, haul up, retire from, etc. And not only speakers but writers make use of the utterly inappropriate vulgarism of "fish." This word ought not to be permitted in literature.

The great strength of the English language, its bone and sinew, comes from its Dutch, Flemish, Danish, and other *quasi*-Teutonic words, and not from its borrowings from the classic languages of antiquity, with which it once did and could still dispense. These borrowings at the best are but ribbons and furbelows that scarcely adorn the loveliness of the nude Aphrodite on which they are fastened. At one time the thrusting of such weak words into the strong vernacular was a positive deterioration of the language. It may be said to have commenced with Chaucer, whose language was by no means "the pure well of English undefiled" that it is popularly represented to be, and was carried out by Lyly, the author of "Euphues," and by Lord Bacon (but happily not by Shakespeare), by Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Religio Medici" and "Urn Burial," and to a smaller extent by Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Samuel Johnson. The innovations of Chaucer and his less illustrious successors did not, however, take firm hold on the language, or emasculate the vigor which it derived from "Piers Ploughman," Wicliffe, and the admirable translation of the Bible by the ripe scholars of the time of James the First, and is still maintained in the speech of the uneducated peasantry. It is, however, fast diminishing under the modernizing touch of the democratic School Board, that qualifies female domestics and tradesmen's errand-boys to enjoy the penny novels and the murder and adultery cases in the newspapers. But the coinage of anglicized words of Latin origin is still too abundant, and either overload the language by their superfluity or enfeeble it by dilution and by distinctions without differences. When Samuel Johnson would have substituted

"post-prandial promenade" for "after dinner walk," he outraged the noble simplicity of the language of which he pretended to be a teacher, and put himself on a par with the silly young naval lieutenant who ordered a sailor to "extinguish the nocturnal luminary" instead of calling upon him to "put out the light," or the Irish major who ordered his men to *lave* a dirty soldier in the Liffey, because he thought to *wash* him in the Liffey was not a sufficiently elegant expression.

In literature the ladies who gush into novel-writing are worse offenders against good taste and the ordinary laws and amenity of the language than "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" but scarcely with the unaffected elegance and propriety of their predecessors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These ladies too often write as they talk, although they not unfrequently forget, when they have pens in their hands, that something more elevated than the gossip of the tea-table or the ball-room is requisite, if they would aspire to the dignity of the printed page, or recommend themselves to the favor of the more or less educated multitude who are the main support of circulating libraries. They employ words of which they do not always understand the meaning, and coin others which are not admissible into the dictionaries nor conformable to the rules of the language or even to the conventional usages of the upper and the lower classes, and not always comprehensible by the literate or the illiterate. The following examples, taken from the pages of one of the popular story-tellers of the day, afford amusing specimens of the want of taste and of the perverse ingenuity and cleverness of imperfectly educated young women when suffered to run riot in the literary field. It is not my purpose to advertise either the name of the authoress or the title of her book, but merely to present a few of the specimen bricks of the literary edifice which she constructs with the fatal unscrupulousness of what in the slang of the day is called a jerry-builder, to whom stucco is better, as well as cheaper, than granite, and lath and plaster than solid oak.

An apricot sunset.
Velvet-coated stags.
The amusingness of the dinner.
Very matter-of-factly.
She replied snubbingly.
The tail of her bright eye.
It was a beast party.
A serene flower face.
She said in a wounded voice.

A gossamer-dressed September morning.
 A gold-misted moon.
 A crisp afternoon.
 His head was in a *grisy whirl*.
 A soul and body biting December dawn.
 Having let the glass *chokily* down.
 The chairs stood on their heads.
 He was cross and *furry*.
 In a state of *invalidhood*.

All these elegant extracts are from one novel. The following are from another, also written by a lady:—

Shall I ever forget my feelings as Frederick and I *snaked out* together, with our tails between our legs?

He was as handsome as a Greek god, and he pleaded with both his *ultramarine eyes*!

A third female novelist of considerable repute, who writes good English when she devotes time and thought to the work as she sometimes does, has coined the verb *to peacock*, in an article on marriage in a monthly magazine. It is to be supposed that by *peacock* she means to flaunt or strut as the bird does; but, whatever she means, the word, as used by her, is vulgar and objectionable.

The great danger to which the purity of the beautiful and sufficiently copious English language is exposed arises from the offensive coinage of wholly unnecessary and mongrel words by the imperfectly educated vulgar, such as *to peacock*, just cited, *cablegram*, *parlous*, *lengthy*, and others that threaten to become permanent blotches upon the face of the language. *Lengthy* means long, though *strengthy*, with about as much reason, might equally well supersede strong. It might, however, grate somewhat harshly upon the not very sensitive ears of the people of the present day, if they were told that a person had had a *lengthy* ride upon a *strengthy* horse, or that another had had a *lengthy* struggle with a *strengthy* opponent. But we may come to that, nevertheless, if the penny press and the lady novelists will but set the example. *Lengthy*, however, it must be admitted, has merits of its own, when it signifies tediously long, and would cease to be objectionable if only used in that restricted sense. The abolition of the distinction between active and passive, personal and impersonal verbs, by speakers and writers, is an error. They do not reflect that the phrase "he *rushed* into the battle" is correct, but that "he *rushed* the book through the press" is grossly incorrect; or that the American boarding-house keeper who said she could "eat a hundred boarders, but could only *sleep* fifty," used the verbs "to eat" and "to sleep" in a

sense that (although it may have conveyed the meaning to her uncritical auditory) was a savage assault upon the head of poor Priscian, and that its perpetrator was guilty of a worse than Yankee outrage upon correct English. The slang of the streets and the stables, and of the would-be witty and comic young men of the universities and great public schools, is another predisposing cause of the increasing vulgarity of vernacular English. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but there is neither soul nor wit in such fashionable brevities as *vet* for veterinary surgeon, *exams* for examinations, *pub* for public-house, *comp* for compositor, Saturday *Pops* for Saturday popular concerts, the *Zoo* for the Zoological Gardens, *perks* for perquisites, *thou* for thousands, *cit* for citizen, *ad* for advertisement, *bizz* for business, and such Americanisms as "he goes out nights and works mornings."

A still more prevalent and more deeply rooted inelegancy is the use of the possessive case in such phrases as "a friend of Mr. Jones's," "a sister of Mr. Brown's," "a whim of Mr. Smith's," where the *s* with the apostrophe is clearly unnecessary. The "of" is quite sufficient as a mark of the possessive; and the French in similar cases would say, "un ami de M. Jones," "une sœur de M. Brown," and "une fantaisie de M. Smith," all of which could be correctly and clearly rendered in English without the *s*. This colloquialism should be left to the exclusive use of the illiterate, and never suffered to blossom into print.

Five hundred years are but a short time in the history of a nation, but long in the history and life of a language, unless the language becomes fossilized like Greek and Latin, and only exists in the literature of past ages. The language spoken five hundred years ago in England, copious and beautiful as it was, is all but unintelligible to the men of the present day, except to a few scholars; and the English of to-day is likely to be as unintelligible to the Americans and the Australians of the future as that of Beowulf to the School Board children and the shopkeepers of our time.

For this reason and for many others, it is incumbent upon us, who have inherited the precious literary legacy of bygone ages, to hand it down to posterity as we have received it from our illustrious ancestors, of the seventeenth and eighteenth and (now rapidly expiring) nineteenth centuries. The abortive proposals of Dean Swift are far more opportune in our day

than they were in his, and the correction, improvement, and ascertainment of the English tongue are easier of accomplishment by the quiet authority of a minister of education, whom public opinion is ripe to acknowledge, and whose efforts would indubitably be supported by the highest intellects of the time. The "ascertainment" of what is really and truly the classical English language, freed from the slang, the vulgar colloquialisms, the silly coinages of new words, and what may be called the "gabble" of the multitude, would not overtask the mental energies of any competent lexicographer whose work would receive the imprimatur of the minister of education. Such a man would not need to wander in the bewildering mazes of etymology, where he would be almost as certain to lose his way as his predecessors have done, but might marshal the literary words of the language into a compact army without inquiring into the pedigree of every soldier in the ranks. It is these generals and commanders of the noble army that fights all the battles of civilization with pens for swords, and thoughts for cannon-balls, and that ought not to be encumbered with the ragged rabble of camp-followers who pollute the wholesome air with their crazy shibboleths and make use of base slang, of no more literary value than the hissing of geese or the lowing of cattle.

The correction and improvement of the language are more difficult now than they were in the days of Dean Swift, in consequence of the unparalleled extension of an imperfect education among the laboring classes in this democratic age, but its "ascertainment" is not impossible of accomplishment. The third of the proposals of the dean is easy, if the works of the classic authors of the present and the last two centuries are to be the bases of the enterprise, and if the universities, the great public schools, and the government, by the agency of a responsible minister of education, will but unite their energies and work in concert.

CHARLES MACKAY.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

"SHORT; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in

it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly forthright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light-brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish faced, and ruddy-cheeked; . . . a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistinesses from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honors; his eye always on the ladies."

In a letter to his esteemed correspondent Lady Bradshaigh, this description of his own person, at the age of sixty years, is given by one who was in some sense the earliest, who is yet in some respects the greatest, of English novelists. Until his fifty-first year Samuel Richardson was known to the world only as a plain, upright man of business; to his friends, as a man of keen sensibilities and generous disposition, with a love of refined society and a remarkable propensity to letter-writing. But the genius so long dormant was destined at last "to burst out into sudden blaze." His occupation as a printer brought him into frequent contact with authors and booksellers. Two of the latter, his friends, acquainted, questionless, with his epistolary talent, desired him to "write for them a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." This humble task he accordingly undertook, but he had not proceeded far before his awakening imagination revealed to him powers and possibilities hitherto undreamt of. He was like a man plodding along a close-hedged country lane, with no view but of the narrow pathway beneath his feet, the banks and hedgerows on either side of him; till presently, as he gradually ascends, glimpses of the surrounding country become more and more frequent, and at last, from some fortunate eminence he sees spread before him the whole smiling prospect, with its various charms, widening to the far-off faint horizon. Richardson conceived the idea, at that time wholly novel, of developing, by means of letters, a connected narrative. A true story, which had remained for years in his memory, supplied the necessary groundwork, and in two months the history of "Pamela" was completed.

To appreciate in its fullest degree the originality of Richardson's genius, it is requisite that the reader should be in some measure acquainted with the state of fiction in England in the early part of the eighteenth century. Before the publication of "Pamela," plays and poetry occupied much more of the attention of the reading public than prose fiction, a necessary consequence of the fact that from the days of Shakespeare the drama had maintained a position far in advance of the novel as a picture of life and manners. The prose fiction in vogue at this time may be discriminated into three classes—the French heroic romance, the love-stories of Mrs. Behn and her followers, and a third class which may pass under the denomination of fictitious memoirs, and in which may be reckoned the novels of Defoe, as well as some of more exceptionable character. Of these three classes the first appears to have been the favorite. The "Cleliás" and "Cassandras" enjoyed a long reign, which might probably have been longer but for their insufferable long-windedness; never was title bestowed with greater propriety than upon these the appellation of *romans de longue haleine*. Their heroes and heroines are always of exalted rank, and endowed with every virtue under heaven. They are usually, moreover, persons of historical celebrity, and, indeed, one of the peculiar merits of these voluminous works is the new and unexpected light which they occasionally shed upon the annals of ancient Greece and Rome. Their prolonged popularity must be ascribed mainly to the perennial interest of those sentiments of love and valor, which, with howsoever fantastic extravagance of circumstance, it is their constant aim to inculcate. A late after-glow of the age of chivalry illumines their interminable pages, for the radiance of chivalry lingered in literature when the fact had long become obsolete. The supernatural machinery ridiculed by Cervantes, the giants, monsters, and magicians, the wise Merlin and the sage Urganda, had indeed disappeared, but the incidents recounted by the writers of heroic romance, though not in the same manner impossible, were equally wild and improbable with those narrated of Arthur, of Amadis, or of Huon. The curious reader whose courage is unequal to the task of attempting these ponderous volumes, will find much information respecting the *romans de longue haleine* delightfully conveyed in Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's charming novel of "The Female Quixote."

A closer observance of nature distinguishes the stories of Aphra Behn, and of her successors, Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Haywood. Of these the origin may possibly be traced back to the Italian tales so popular in England at the commencement of the seventeenth century. In the "Decameron" of Boccaccio we may perhaps discover the earliest expression of that interest in the common affairs of life which has since become the distinguishing mark of modern fiction. But these stories, though they bear to the facts of life a nearer relation than either the legends of chivalry or the heroic romances, rise not above the importance of mere episodes, and although Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Manley in their novels (the former, for instance, in "Oroonoko," the latter in "The Fair Hypocrite") give occasional evidence of more extended aims, they cannot be said to have made any great advance towards exact delineation of character. They have given us, as it were, histories of *passions* rather than of *persons*; nor do we find, throughout their productions, any prefigurement of the great school of fiction of which we may term Richardson the creator. Mrs. Haywood, it may be added, though her early performances possess a family likeness to the novels of the "admir'd Astrea," produced in later life, when Richardson and Fielding had already revolutionized the world of fiction, two novels of real merit in the modern style—the histories of "Miss Betsy Thoughtless," and of "Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy."

Of the class of fiction to which I have applied the designation of fictitious memoirs, the most popular performances were those which were dealt with the court intrigues and amours of the day—romances in which, under a transparent veil of pseudonymity, persons of rank and repute then living were libelled with a degree of license well-nigh incredible, and with an utter disregard of decency to which we can scarce find a parallel in literature. Mrs. Manley's "Atalantis" was the most famous of this obscene tribe. Another kind of memoir related to travels and adventures; to this division may be assigned "Gulliver's Travels" and the novels of Daniel Defoe. Defoe was practically the first English novelist who sought his subjects among the so-called lower orders of society. His romances, however, are not so much "novels," in the modern sense of the term, as imaginary biographies; they are panoramas rather than pictures; they present no regularly developed plot rising in a climax, nor do they deal, except ad-

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ventionitously, with the passion of love, which forms the basis of most fictitious stories. The great merit of Defoe consists in the wonderful air of reality with which by circumstantial minuteness he succeeds in investing all his incidents. To use his own words in the preface to his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "It seems impossible any one but the very person who was present in every action here related could be the relator of them." Doubtless the long apprenticeship which, as a political pamphleteer, he passed in the art of making fiction look like truth, was in this respect of singular advantage to him; his works, at all events, possess the attribute of verisimilitude in a higher degree than those of any other English novelist except Richardson. He built, moreover, on the enduring foundation of common life, and his is the glory of having first indicated to the English reader that the lowly "annals of the poor" contain matter as memorable and as full of interest as the gilded records of princes and courtiers. It is true the poverty of Defoe's heroes sometimes leads them into questionable society, and engages them in more than questionable enterprises. His works are strongly spiced with the *gusto picaresco*, popular long before in Spain, and he relates with evident relish the exploits of his harlots and vagabonds. It may be worth considering whether portions, for instance, of "Colonel Jack" and "Moll Flanders" might not with advantage be published in a convenient duodecimo as a "Pickpocket's Companion, or Complete Guide to the Art of Pilfering." This notwithstanding, the general tendency of Defoe's novels is unexceptionally moral, and his rough homespun is wrought of more lasting, more serviceable material than the gay brocade of most of his contemporaries and predecessors in English fiction.

Of the English novelists who preceded Richardson, Defoe alone can be said to have portrayed men and women with absolute and consistent fidelity to nature. Compared with Richardson's, however, his aim was narrow, his types of humanity were few, his delineation of character, though vigorous and true, was wanting in subtlety and intimacy. There is some justice in Mrs. Barbauld's discrimination, "that the minuteness of Defoe is more employed about things, and that of Richardson about persons and sentiments." And hence, although we feel Defoe's characters to be real, they stir not our affections nor excite our emotions as Richard-

son's do. We see Defoe's as it were, Richardson's we *know*; or it may, perhaps, be said that while Defoe's reflect nature as in a mirror, Richardson's are the life itself.

Again, Defoe gives us, as I have said, but few types of humanity. His heroes belong always to the class of adventurers; whether persons of good position or of no position at all in the world's esteem, they are equally vagabonds. His female characters are destitute of charm. They occupy indeed, with one or two exceptions, but an insignificant place in his works, and of the exceptions the careers must be acknowledged rather conspicuous than exemplary. Richardson, on the other hand, was an adept in all that relates to the female heart. His types, moreover, both of men and women, are numerous and well contrasted. They are developed with the exactness of individual portraits, and present in combination a series of just and most fascinating pictures of human society.

Richardson's great forte consists in the art of making his characters *live*; in this particular he has rarely been rivalled, never, I think, excelled, by other authors. He employs not the mental dissecting-knife of modern writers. He affects not to analyze with a pretence of profundity the inexplicable workings of the mind. His method, on the contrary, is that of nature herself. The characters of his creations are revealed to us, like those of our friends, in what they say and do; and with so much of nature, so much of consistency, in the representation, that they grow into our intimacy as our friends themselves; they excite our love, our esteem, our compassion, or it may be our scorn, our detestation, as if they were veritably sentient and sensible beings. In a word, the persons of Richardson's novels are no mere problems in psychology, but, relatively to the reader's affections, real creatures of flesh and blood, a consummation far more difficult of attainment. The secret of this living charm was his own, but two things especially strike us with regard to his method of producing it: first, the elaboration of detail, by means of which he permits us to see and hear everything that passes as if we were present at the scene; and secondly, the consistency with which he maintains, through every varying mood and waywardness, the distinct individuality of each of his characters.

But not only does Richardson create, so to speak, *living* men and women, he cre-

ates also very beautiful and interesting men and women. If we hold it one of the most important functions of a novel to introduce us into good and charming company, I know of no novelist whose works should be preferred to Richardson's, of scarcely one whose works could be set on a par with his, in this respect. He delighted in female society; no other writer of prose fiction ever possessed so profound a knowledge of the female heart. His heroines are as admirable as Shakespeare's, and as real. Shakespeare's range, of course, was far wider; but within his own limits, and taken at his best, Richardson is hardly less inimitable than our greatest dramatist himself; nor would it, perhaps, be possible, from the writings even of Shakespeare, to select four more exquisite specimens of womankind than *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Harriet Byron*, *Clementina* and *Anna Howe*. But if with Richardson, as with other novelists, the female characters be in general the most attractive, his delineation of men must also be owned in the highest degree lively and powerful. He has touched the lowest depths of human depravity in *Lovelace*; he has attempted to soar to the summit of human perfectibility in *Sir Charles Grandison*, yet without ascribing to either character one single action, one single sentiment overpassing the strictest limits of probability.

And now the question arises, What is Richardson's place among the novelists of his century? If we except *Sterne*, whose genius was a thing unique and in its nature incapable of comparison with that of any of his contemporaries, there seems no one able seriously to dispute with him the first place. The comparison, however, will serve to display our author's deficiencies as well as his strength. The extreme length of his novels I can by no means reckon, as some do, a blemish. His minuteness and circumstance are, for the most part, far removed from prolixity; they are an indispensable means to the attainment of that vivid sense of reality of which he remains the supreme master. In some respects, among the writers of fiction of the eighteenth century, *Miss Burney* (*Madame D'Arblay*) approaches him the nearest. She too possesses the Promethean art of inspiring her creations with life; she too has shown in "*Cecilia*" and "*The Wanderer*," a power of stirring the emotions closely akin to Richardson's, and to his alone inferior. Richardson, however, strikes a deeper note; his knowledge of human nature, if not more various,

is more profound than *Miss Burney's*, and the impressions which he makes are, accordingly, both stronger and more enduring. He is no humorist; that is to say, he regards not his subjects with that unalloyed sense of the incongruous which is almost equally compatible with the profoundest pathos and the airiest mirth. Nor is his that peculiar tenderness which seems inseparable from the finest humor — the tenderness which makes us conscious of a man's foibles but as bonds of closer sympathy; the tenderness which illumines the homely features of my *Uncle Toby*, which gilds the rusty armor of the crazy knight of *La Mancha*. I mean not, however, to imply any incapacity of humor in Richardson. Some of the letters of *Pamela* in his first novel, those of *Miss Howe* and of *Lovelace* in "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and those of *Charlotte Grandison*, are distinguished by a sprightliness which often attains the elevation of true and most fascinating humor. But the genuine humorist is a humorist throughout, whether he stand by the death-bed of *Lefevre*, or puff tobacco-smoke from the toy-cannon on my *Uncle Toby's* bowling-green; and Richardson's views of life were far too serious to admit of the irrepressible playfulness which imparts a never-wearying charm to the productions of a *Sterne* or a *Goldsmith*. His tenderness, moreover, if it be of a different stamp from theirs, is, in its own serious way, inimitable. What, for instance, in all literature can we point to more exquisitely touching than the dying scene of *Clarissa*? He is ever more earnest to instruct than to amuse, though he rarely (I cannot say *never*) descends to the mere didactician. But, in general, he is too great an artist to obtrude unnecessary precepts; painting vice and virtue in their proper colors, he is content to leave them to work their own moral.

Compared with his contemporaries, *Fielding* and *Smollett*, Richardson stands, I think, far ahead of either. *Smollett*, indeed, in such comparison, appears an ingenious caricaturist, a superficial chronicler of diverting adventures. *Fielding* was, unquestionless, a far more dangerous rival. He possessed qualities to which Richardson could lay no claim. An absolute master of burlesque, his fine vein of satirical humor goes far to redeem the occasional grossness of his writings. Richardson, on the contrary, was no satirist; his censure is unmixt with ridicule, nor did he, indeed, possess the light dexterity of touch, the effortless affluence of

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irony, requisite for success in satire. In contrasting the two novelists Johnson was unjust to Fielding, yet it must be admitted that in dignity, in pathos, in knowledge of the heart, Richardson altogether outdistanced his rival. Dignity, indeed, is none of Fielding's most conspicuous attributes; even his most charming heroine, Sophia, he cannot refrain from making the subject of an indecent and needless jest. Moreover, in the general management of the story, in what a painter might term its composition, Richardson has, in at least one instance, shown himself a greater artist than Fielding. "Tom Jones" is a desultory performance in comparison with "Clarissa Harlowe." Like a fine painting, "Clarissa" is composed in exact accordance with the rules of art. It has its principal light and its principal dark, with its minor darks and lights worked out with the extreme of elaboration, but always strictly subordinate and subsidiary to the principal. Nothing is omitted which can heighten the realism or give effect to the situations; nothing is introduced which bears not, directly or indirectly, upon the main purpose of the piece—the development and opposition of the two characters of Clarissa and Lovelace. It is curious how Fielding's own faculty of humor failed him in his endeavor to satirize Richardson. His clumsy and ineffectual attempt, in "Joseph Andrews," to ridicule "Pamela," had the result only of seriously blemishing an otherwise admirable novel. Happily, after the first few chapters, the creative instinct growing stronger within him, the author forgets his would-be satire, and only towards the end of the book does he again, and with singular infelicity, obtrude it upon the reader. The delicate conceit of completing the name of Richardson's initialled Squire into Booby was not Fielding's, but was borrowed by him from an obscene parody entitled "An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews," published 1741; if, indeed, this pseudonymous piece were not, as Richardson seems to have believed, itself the work of the future author of "Tom Jones."* But whether the comparatively innocuous satire of "Joseph Andrews" were or were not but an aggravation of an earlier and a far less pardonable offence, the wound thus inflicted upon the almost feminine

sensitiveness of Richardson was never to be healed. He had a perfectly honest dislike of the writings of Fielding, whose peculiar merits he was, perhaps, constitutionally incapable of appreciating. The coarseness and lax morality of the "prose Homer of human nature" inevitably disgusted and repelled one who had entered the lists as the avowed champion of virtue. But beyond this, in all Richardson's allusions to his rival we can trace a vein of personal bitterness. On being told that Fielding claimed to have followed Homer and Virgil in his "Amelia," he exclaimed: "He must mean Cotton's 'Virgil Travestied,' where the women are drabs, and the men scoundrels." It must be confessed, too, that while Fielding was the aggressor, the blame of uncharitableness and continued ill-will appears to lie wholly at the door of Richardson, of whom, in reference to "Clarissa," Fielding wrote, with equal justice and generosity: "Such simplicity, such manners, such deep penetration into nature, such power to raise and alarm the passions, few writers, either ancient or modern, have been possessed of. My affections are so strongly engaged, and my fears are so raised, by what I have already read, that I cannot express my eagerness to see the rest. Sure this Mr. Richardson is master of all that art which Horace compares to witchcraft—

Pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus.

In the year 1740 "Pamela" appeared, and was at once received with the enthusiasm due to its merit and its originality. The author's diffidence induced him at first to suppress his name, but his apprehensions were quickly dissipated. He had added a new and considerable province to the realms of literature, and readers of all kinds, men and women of genius or of no genius, were loud in recognition. "Pamela" possesses the same merits, the same irresistible charm (though not indeed in the same degree), which distinguish Richardson's later works. I doubt Aaron Hill's eulogium upon it will be little to the taste of the modern novel-reader, whose anticipations of enjoyment would be, probably, not greatly enhanced by the information that he would find, "under the modest disguise of a novel, all the soul of religion, good breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thought, and morality." The one blot upon the book was not so much the fault of Richardson as of the times in which he lived. We

* This conjecture was not rendered less warrantable by the obvious allusion to Fielding's old adversary, Colley Cibber, whose "Apology for his Life" had been recently published, both in the title of the parody and in the *nom de plume* of Conny Keyber, assumed by its author.

are constantly reminded of the exaggerated respect which was then entertained for mere rank, independent of worth. In a more democratic age we should regard a sweet, refined, and innocent girl like Pamela as sacrificed rather than rewarded, however humble her condition, in becoming the wife of a selfish rake, even though, like one of Mrs. Haywood's heroes, he were "descended, by the father's side, from the ancient Britons."

The deserved success of the book induced the author to publish a sequel setting forth the conduct of his heroine in the married state. I have said that he was more earnest to instruct than to amuse. His work had been cried up, doubtless to its author's gratification, as, before all things, a manual of instruction. Pope himself had declared that it would do more good than many volumes of sermons; and accordingly Richardson set himself to work in all seriousness to justify the good opinion of his admirers. The second part of "Pamela" betrays the hand of the moralist rather than of the artist. It is true, it contains delightful passages — passages instinct with that native charm which could not be wanting to any work of Richardson's; but the *moral* is out of all proportion to the *fab*le; plot there is practically none, and the story is weighted with a preponderance of didactic matter, which, however edifying, is unquestionably tedious, a word which can with justice be applied to no other production of the author's.

Eight years after the appearance of "Pamela," Richardson published, amid the tumult of yet more general and more enthusiastic applause, his second great essay in fiction. As a work of art "Clarissa Harlowe" is certainly his masterpiece. There is not an unnecessary digression, not a superfluous letter, in the whole eight volumes of correspondence in which the history is contained. Slowly, yet without a pause, the story moves onward to the tragic culmination; and beyond it, with even enhanced interest, to the glorious apotheosis of virgin purity. It is not merely affecting, it is heartrending; yet never were the uses of tragedy more nobly vindicated. It is a true Pilgrim's Progress; all the devils of the pit in league against a single helpless woman. And what a triumph is hers! Persecuted, tricked, outraged, she passes on with "unblenched majesty;" the clear mirror of her mind no degradation can dim, the radiant light of her soul no oppression can obscure. The blacker her environments,

she shines but with the purer lustre. She dies indeed, but her death is the sealing of her victory, the happy reward of her unshaken fortitude. "It was reserved for Richardson," beautifully observes Mrs. Barbauld, "to overcome all circumstances of dishonor and disgrace, and to throw a splendor round the 'violated virgin' more radiant than she possessed in her first bloom." She might say to her betrayer, with the Lady in "Comus:" —

Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal
rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees
good.

The character of Clarissa rises upon us with each successive volume. At first we are almost inclined to prefer her friend Miss Howe, a charming creature, whose fine and graceful qualities are supported by a spirit and a vivacity in which Clarissa appears a little deficient. But presently we discover that that which we have mistaken for want of spirit is indeed but the meekness and high sense of filial duty natural to a mind so pious and so unselfish. And when the door of earthly hope is forever closed against her, when renounced and deserted (her one true friend at a distance and unable to aid her) she traverses with lonely steps the Valley of the Shadow of Death, then the full grandeur of her beautiful character is made manifest. Not one moment of weakness has she wherewith to reproach herself. With a noble simplicity she rises superior to shame and disgrace, and we quit the closing scene of her painful pilgrimage with moistened eyes, sorrowful yet exultant, as if we had attended the death-bed of a saint of heaven.

If Shakespeare himself has not given us a heroine more adorable than Clarissa, he has nowhere portrayed so consummate a villain as her betrayer, Lovelace. His character is indeed a masterpiece. Brave, witty, accomplished; if not generous, at least liberal and open-handed; with all the advantages of person, of education, and of intellect, he is, in a word, the most perfect devil extant in literature. The worst of Shakespeare's villains, Iago himself, yields the pre-eminence in wickedness to this prince of iniquity. For Iago is actuated, in part at least, by a sense of wrong and a lust of revenge, while Lovelace merely follows the natural bent of his execrable disposition in persecuting, in ruining, as far as in him lies, a creature whom, in all

honor and gratitude, he was under special obligations to cherish and protect. Never had profligate more ample opportunities of reformation; but he casts them all aside. The ambrosia of the gods is offered him; he turns from it to feed on ashes. He is literally a lost soul. His admirable qualities hurry him but the faster to perdition. He may be likened to a pilot steering his vessel upon the rocks with the same skill and determination which might, otherwise directed, have conveyed it safely to harbor. Self-gratification is his ruling passion; for this alone he exists, to this he prostitutes all the good gifts of nature, all the advantages of education. His fits of compunction, though violent, are but transient; of repentance he is incapable; and black Care, if she seat herself now and again behind the rider, is soon shaken off. Richardson's art is generally shown in the continued superiority of Lovelace, his villainy notwithstanding, to all the other male characters in the book. His wit, his good sense, his plausibility, his address, render him in all companies the man of distinction. Yet, as *Clarissa's* noble attributes are the embellishments of a soul secure of immortality, those of Lovelace serve but as the mask to a mind utterly corrupt. Mrs. Barbauld rashly concludes that Richardson might have improved the moral effect of his work by giving more of horror to the close of Lovelace's life. But Richardson knew better the character he had created. The death-bed terrors of a despairing rake he had already vividly described in the case of Belton; but Lovelace was a man of different mould from his weak-minded associate. His wickedness is not weakness, not a yielding to temptation; on the contrary, his temptations are in the opposite direction. His vileness is wilful and deliberate; he knows the good, and resolutely refuses to follow it; he is valiant in ill-doing. And accordingly he meets his death with the intrepidity of a brave man; but when, dying, he calls upon the angel whom he has wronged, we feel that he calls in vain, that between these two a gulf is set, forever impassable.

Our space does not permit us to enlarge upon the minor characters in this admirable work. In these also the reader will recognize the unerring touch, the nice discrimination, of a master of human nature.

Richardson's third and last novel, the "*History of Sir Charles Grandison*," was published in 1753. As a work of art it is less perfect than "*Clarissa*," nor can we

claim for it the severe simplicity of design which characterizes that masterpiece. In other respects, however, it does not fall short of its predecessor. It exhibits the same power, the same insight into human affairs. Moving as are its occasional scenes of pathos, it does not afflict us with the sustained anguish of "*Clarissa*." It introduces us, moreover, into far more agreeable society; for while, in "*Clarissa*," the few estimable persons shine like stars against a dark background of sin and wretchedness, in "*Grandison*" the evil-doers are few and insignificant, the virtuous characters are numerous and attractive, and the sorrows incidental to the story are for the most part consequent upon misfortune rather than upon misconduct, and vanish at last before the sunbeams of prosperity and content. Richardson's chief purpose in writing the "*History of Sir Charles Grandison*" was to exhibit the character of a man in whom goodness of heart and the highest Christian principle should be combined with the spirit and address proper to a finished gentleman. His success was as remarkable as his design was unusual. Sir Charles is excellent beyond the generality of men, but he is no faultless monster; the ground on which he stands is high indeed, but not inaccessible. He is by no means devoid of passions which call for restraint, and if he exerts his reason to restrain them, and ordinarily with success, he only performs a duty which is incumbent upon every person of sense and reflection. His character, however, is marked by a certain formality and solemnity which alienate from him, questionless, the sympathy of many readers. With regard to the former, it may be urged that as in Richardson's time a degree of formality far beyond that of the present day prevailed in the intercourse between the sexes, the excess, if excess there be, of that attribute in Sir Charles would then have been proportionately less obvious. And if his disposition appears too uniformly solemn, it must be remembered that the circumstances in which he is placed are by no means conducive to gaiety; that throughout the greater part of the story he supports with manliness a weight of melancholy uncertainty in respect to the fate of Clementina and his own destiny, sufficient to depress the lightest heart. In fine, one may say that if at times the excellence of this good man become somewhat oppressive, it is not so much his own fault as the fault of those about him, who are rather too ready to

cry "Wonderful!" and "What a man is this, Lucy!" whenever he opens his mouth.

Richardson's mastery of character and emotion is displayed at its highest in the Italian scenes of this story. Especially, the madness of Clementina, distracted betwixt her love and her religion, is as affecting and powerfully described as that of Ophelia, though without its tragic conclusion. Not Clementina, however, but the generous and large-hearted Harriet Byron is the true heroine of the book. "I have designed," the author writes, "to make her what I would have supposed Clarissa to be, had she not met with such persecutions at home, and with such a tormentor as Lovelace;" and although the trials to which Harriet is subjected are slight in comparison with Clarissa's fiery martyrdom, enough is shown to convince us that, similarly situated, she would have been capable of the same steadfast and exalted endurance. Of the subordinate characters in "Grandison," numerous and important as they are, I can mention only one—the sweet Emily Jervoise, in whose story Richardson has given us a picture, unsurpassably tender and subtle, of the awakening power of love in a young, timid, innocent, and unsuspecting heart.

The last volume of "Grandison" has been condemned as protracting the story beyond its climax. From a strictly artistic point of view this is, perhaps, not to be defended; but the fact is, by the time we arrive at the seventh volume our sympathies have become so enchaind to the *persons* whose fortunes we have followed, our interest in the individuals is so greatly superior to the interest which any mere plot could possibly excite, that we are glad of an excuse for lingering in such pleasant company, though in defiance of the rules of art. And while to "Clarissa" we concede the palm of symmetry and of tragic intensity, we shall feel, I think, that as a book to live with, to return to again and again with unabated enjoyment, the "History of Sir Charles Grandison" stands first of the three great works of its admirable author.

WM. C. WARD.

. It is pleasant to know that the bicentenary of Richardson's birth has not been allowed to pass without some public recognition of his genius. On November 27 last, Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth, a member of the Stationers' Company, of which Richardson was for some years master, caused a memorial tablet in his honor to be placed in St. Bride's Church,

in the middle aisle of which he lies buried. The inscription on the tablet includes the sonorous encomium with which Johnson introduced the great novelist's paper in "The Rambler": "He enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

From Murray's Magazine.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

IN the life of a famous building, as in the life of a man, there are crises and turning-points which irresistibly invite a survey of its past history. We have now reached such a turning-point in the life of Holland House, "once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world, and now silent and desolate as the grave." And as the old order changes, yielding place to new, a few words of fond and grateful commemoration may not be out of place, even though the writer is painfully aware that in attempting them he challenges dangerous comparison with Lord Macaulay on the one hand, and the numerous and gifted descendants of Pennialinus on the other.

All Londoners and most of their country cousins have seen on their right hand as they journey from Kensington to Hammersmith, within two miles of Hyde Park Corner, a Jacobean palace of red brick and white stone, standing secluded from the dust and traffic of the highroad, in the midst of gardens and hay-fields and forest-trees. This is Holland House, and no private dwelling in London better deserves or more richly repays the attention of the artist or the historian. Some portion of its foundation seems to date from the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," but in the main features of its architecture and elevation, in its profusion of pinnacles and turrets, and porticoes and arcades, it recalls the handiwork of that mysterious artist, John of Padua, and is worthy to rank with Longleat and Wollaton and Burleigh. Rightly considered, the very fabric is a history, and embodies in concrete and visible form the spirit of the age which gave it birth. In its solid and substantial strength, in its ample scope, in its accessibility to light and air, and in its complete freedom from the dim, religious mysticism of mediæval architecture, Holland House is a true product of the age of the Reformation. In its richness of superadded ornament, its perfect adaptation to the

requirements of a stately and luxurious life, and its constant suggestions of Italian influence, it presents the most characteristic features of the gorgeous Renaissance. To study the general character and successive modifications of its internal equipment and decoration is to trace the rise and progress of domestic and social civilization. Its collection of pictures, of every school and in every style, recalls the days when to be a great nobleman was to be a patron of the arts. The celebrated library was formed in an age when every fine gentleman was, or wished to be thought, a scholar. China from France and Germany, glass from Venice, and hangings from Spain, are the spoils of many a grand tour, undertaken at a time when one of the chief, and most creditable, uses of great wealth was to secure its possessors a liberal education.

Every hall and gallery is associated with famous names. The gilt-room was decorated as we now see it for a ball given in honor of Charles I. In one chamber Vandyke painted; in another Atterbury schemed. In what is now the dining-room Addison "breathed his last, having sent for his stepson, Lord Warwick, to see in what peace a Christian can die," though Horace Walpole characteristically remarks, "unluckily, he died of Brandy." In a field belonging to Holland House, Oliver Cromwell held secret conference with Ireton, whose deafness made confidential conversation impossible in more frequented places. In the pleasure-grounds George III. courted Lady Sarah Lennox. In the kitchen garden Colonel Best shot Lord Camelford. In days comparatively recent, the famous library has heard the conversation of Sheridan and Byron; of Blanco White and Dr. Parr; of Lord Jeffrey and Sir Humphry Davy and Hookham Frere; of Grattan and Curran, and Romilly and Washington Irving; of Calonne and Madame de Staël; of Luttrell and Sydney Smith and Lord Macaulay. Here Samuel Rogers, intent on discovering the authorship of "Junius's Letters," ventured to inquire of old Sir Philip Francis if he "might ask him a rather delicate question," and received the discouraging but significant reply, "at your peril, sir, at your peril." Here Wilkie "gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Barretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz." But all this belongs to a remote and

splendid past. The future fate of this most noble and interesting house is wrapped in uncertainty. "Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water-privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble, with the courtly munificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormonde, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them; the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could desire to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, the shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals."

These words of beautiful but gloomy vaticination were penned nearly fifty years ago, and the process of fulfilment, though it has not advanced far, has indeed begun. Holland Park and Melbury Road have trenchoned upon the sacred domain, the shades which once sheltered fallen Bonapartes and exiled Bourbons have afforded a lodging to the captive Cetewayo.

But here, we trust, the course of desecration will be arrested, and, though shorn of some of its circumjacent glories, the fabric of Holland House will remain untouched. Most earnestly must all lovers of art and history re-echo the benediction

which Hookham Frere traced with a diamond on the turret-window:—

May neither fire destroy nor waste impair,
Nor time consume thee till the twentieth Heir.
May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare.

If we turn for an instant from the material aspect of Holland House to the annals of those who have inhabited it, we see in them a curious illustration of the processes by which the greatness of English families is built up.

Its founder was Sir William Cope, a courtier of James I., and his daughter and heiress, Isabel Cope, carried "Cope Castle," as it was then called, into the family of her husband, Sir Henry Rich. The Riches were of the new nobility. An opulent mercer of the time of Henry VI. was great-grandfather to Richard, Lord Rich, lord chancellor in the reign of Edward VI. Lord Rich's grandson was made Earl of Warwick, and his second son, Sir Henry Rich, was created Lord Kensington in honor of his marriage with Isabel Cope, the heiress of Kensington. He was subsequently made Earl of Holland, and conferred his name on Cope Castle, which henceforth was known as Holland House. In the strife between Charles and the Parliament, Lord Holland took a devious and unfortunate course, which eventually conducted him to the scaffold. The second Earl of Holland, succeeding his cousin, became also Earl of Warwick. It was his son's wife, the Countess of Warwick, who married Addison. Her son was the last Earl of Warwick and Kensington, and, on his death without issue, his estates at Kensington passed to his cousin, William Edwardes, a Welsh squire, and ancestor of the present Lord Kensington. From the time of the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century, Holland House was occasionally let. William Penn was one of its tenants. William III. actually inspected it with a view to purchase. In 1749 it was let, at a rent of £182 16s. 9d. a year, to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland of the second creation, who bought it in 1767.

Here, for the second time in its history, Holland House passed into the hands of a new family. Stephen Fox, father of the first Earl of Ilchester and the first Lord Holland, began life as a choir-boy in Salisbury Cathedral. He early attracted the friendly notice of Bishop Duppa, who laid the foundations of his fortunes. His eldest son, Henry Fox, a prominent politician under George II. and III., was elevated

to the peerage by the name of the noble house which he had bought, and which again had acquired its designation from its previous owner. Henry Lord Holland was the father of Stephen Lord Holland, and of Charles James Fox, and the grandfather of Henry Richard Lord Holland, who made Holland House so famous as a resort of distinguished and accomplished men in the early part of this century. That most genial of hosts was succeeded by his son, the last Lord Holland, on whose death, in 1859, Holland House passed into the hands of his widow, Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, who died, deeply and widely lamented, on the 23rd of September last.

As the last bearer of an historic name, and herself one of the most charming and accomplished women of her time, the character and career of Lady Holland demand at least some brief record, in connection with the famous house of which for more than half a century she was the most conspicuous ornament.

Lady Mary Augusta Coventry was the daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry. She was born in 1812, and was brought up to a great extent on the Continent, where she formed many of the most binding ties of her life, and contracted habits of thought, sentiment, and conduct quite unlike those which characterize the general run of home-keeping Englishwomen. In 1833 Lady Mary Coventry married the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, afterwards fourth and last Lord Holland, and minister plenipotentiary at the court of Tuscany. From the time of her marriage Lady Holland lived principally in Italy, and though, after her husband's succession to his father's title and fortune, they spent some part of each year in England, still they always considered Naples their home. There they formed and maintained their most intimate friendships, and there they were continually surrounded by the society which they so peculiarly enjoyed. Their foreign associations were made all the stronger by the fact that they had both joined the Roman Catholic Church. After Lord Holland's death in 1859 his widow was left with full control of all his fortune, including Holland House and St. Anne's Hill—a delightful villa near Chertsey, stored with memorials and relics of Mr. Fox. Between these two homes, most unlike but each perfect in its way, Lady Holland spent the summer months, returning for the winter to Naples. For some years past, however, she had not been strong enough for the long journey to Italy, and

she had lived entirely in England, except for an annual visit to some German watering-place.

The greater part of the year was spent at St. Anne's Hill, where she greatly enjoyed a constant succession of visitors from London. For about two months of the late summer and early autumn she lived at Holland House, and there her hospitalities were among the most graceful and delightful incidents of social life. For many years her annual garden-parties were unique in their charm, combining all the solemn dignity which clings to one of the most historical of English houses with the fantastic grace and sprightly merriment of an Italian *festa*. Failing strength had brought these large parties to an end; but whenever Lady Holland was known to be in London, even in the desolate months of August and September, her shrine never lacked its devotees. Diplomats of every nation found a second home at Holland House. To its hospitable doors every distinguished foreigner gravitated by a natural law. Some of the most accomplished of the older men of London were habitual guests, and conversation not unworthy of the great traditions of the house was to be heard at those delightful dinners, un-English in every detail of their composition and service, where half the dishes were French and half Italian, where every European language was spoken in turn, and where the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room simultaneously with the ladies, who did not disdain the peptic aid of a cigarette.

The dining-room of Holland House has certainly seen some strange vicissitudes of social manners. It has witnessed the change from the coarseness of the days when Horace Walpole described the fracture of the French ambassador's arm as an ordinary incident of an after-dinner romp; when to drink oneself blind drunk was not a vice, but an accomplishment; or even when, in more recent times, an imperious hostess ordered Sydney Smith to pick up her handkerchief, and stopped Macaulay's conversation by telling him that "we have had enough of that;" to the finished courtesy, the exquisite refinement, the unfailing consideration for others' feelings, and the cosmopolitan sympathies which formed the natural and necessary environment of the last Lady Holland.

As years went on, and the fatigues of hospitality began to tell increasingly on her strength, Lady Holland lived less and

less at Holland House, and not long ago a speculative builder approached her with what would have been to most people a tempting offer. He proposed to buy the reversion of the house, with its gardens, park, and farm, for half a million sterling. Lady Holland's reply was worthy of herself. She said that she belonged to the house of Fox, not by birth, but only by marriage, and that Holland House, with all its splendid associations, should not, by her act, pass out of the family which had made it famous. It now reverts to Lord Ilchester, who represents the family of Fox in the male line, and St. Anne's Hill passes to the Dowager Lady Lilford, sister of the late Lord Holland.

One touch of personal description may not unfitly close this sketch. Mary, Lady Holland, was one of the smallest of women, less than five feet high, exceedingly slender, with the most exquisite hands and feet. Her features were pronounced and sharply cut. Her rich, dark hair retained its color to the last. But her most marked trait was the extraordinary brightness of her piercing eyes. They sparkled and flashed like a girl's, and when she smiled they lit up her face with a peculiarly bewitching expression. In latter years she never laid aside her "customary suit of solemn black," and a cap, which, to quote Lord Beaconsfield, "should have been immortalized by Mieris or Gerard Douw."

In mind Lady Holland was singularly vivacious. Her mental gaze was of the most penetrating power. She saw through unreality, vanity, and pretence at a glance; but was full of the most genial charity towards mere error, ignorance, or indiscretion. She was extremely quick in repartee, loved a joke, and had a peculiarly keen appreciation of whatever was fine in character, conversation, art, or literature. For some years she suffered grievously; but her patience and courage in bearing pain, her anxiety that it should not distress other people, and her bright cheerfulness in forgetting it, were models to all like sufferers. In character she was one of the justest, kindest, and most generous of women; the sworn enemy of all cruelty and harshness; and the most faithful and affectionate of friends. All who knew her will join, without distinction of creed, in the beautiful benediction of the Church in which she lived and died:—

Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat ei.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HIS UNCLE AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER I.

DR. BECHARD.

PAULA RAYMOND was sitting in the strip of garden in front of her grandmother's cottage — called by courtesy a villa — one of many dotted along the road at the entrance of a little Swiss country town. She was not looking at the grand panorama of snow-tipped mountains opposite, nor at the green, rushing river filling up the best part of the narrow valley, and whose voice, a little louder than usual to-day, reaches her distinctly where she sits. It is a beautiful picture, but it is one which Paula has looked upon so often that she knows it all by heart. She knows it so well that her eyes have become absolutely superfluous in the matter, and with closed eyelids can see quite distinctly every peak and hollow in the mountain, every curve in the river's meanderings, every bush and tree in the foreground, and could accurately have drawn from memory the exact outline of the little Gothic church which stands on rising ground at the extremity of the town.

Small wonder if Paula Raymond knows the scene by heart, for it is all she knows as yet of the great wide world; all she has ever looked upon since that day, now twelve years ago, when a stranger had brought her here, a pale, frightened child of scarce five years old, in mourning for the parents she had lost within a few weeks of each other.

Paul Raymond, old Madame Raymond's son, had been a painter, and having gone to Italy in search of fame, had found something else instead, a pretty Italian girl who became his wife. He never achieved the great things of which he had dreamt in his boyish visions when foolishly he had imagined that talent and energy were sufficient to ensure success. Now he made the discovery that if he painted well, so did many others, and that the market was overstocked in every direction. A child was born to the young couple during their first year of married life; and when the prospect of a second one became known, the young painter was forcibly compelled to resign individual ambition and seek for work in a lower sphere, if he would keep his wife and children from starvation. He could not apply to his old mother, well knowing that her modest income barely sufficed for her personal wants; so no hint of his straitened circumstances ever reached her ear, nor

did old Madame Raymond guess that her darling Paul was earning his bread by standing on a perilous scaffolding, filling in the outlines designed by a famous master, on the frescoed ceiling of a lofty church.

It is giddy work standing on a scaffolding for such as are not bred to the business, and an empty stomach is scarcely a good balancing-pole; therefore it was not very surprising that one day, when Paul Raymond's stomach was somewhat emptier than usual, he lost his balance, and fell headlong down on the tessellated marble pavement of the church, to be picked up in a dying condition. The shock of this accident cost the life of the young wife as well as that of her unborn babe; and before a month had elapsed, a common grave had reunited the couple.

No news of these events reached the remote Swiss country town, till one evening the door of Madame Raymond's cottage opened to admit a tall, grey-haired man leading a little girl. It was the great *maestro* himself, Signor Colorati, who, grieved and remorseful at having been the indirect cause of the young painter's death, was bringing the poor orphan to the care of her sole remaining relative.

He brought something else as well, a sum of money resulting from the sale of Paul Raymond's pictures, which — unable to find a purchaser whilst he was alive — had now suddenly risen in value when it became known that the hitherto obscure young painter had lost his life in a tragic manner. These posthumous earnings, which had come too late for him, served, however, to keep Madame Raymond and her granddaughter in modest comfort, and to defray the expenses of Paula's education; and their life was a peaceful and contented one. The old lady, worshipping her granddaughter as she had worshipped her son, was perfectly happy. Once it had been round Paul that every thought and hope of hers had twined, and the affection she bore to his daughter seemed only to be a continuation of the former feeling; with the addition of one small vowel to the name, its object remained the same as it had been a quarter of a century ago.

As for the young girl, if she craved for something more beyond the placid routine of their daily life, she was as yet unconscious of the meaning of these vague yearnings. Sometimes, indeed, she wondered what lay beyond that glittering chain of snow-tipped mountains? whence the green, rushing river had come, and whither it was going? — and to-day she is wistfully

watching the swallows beginning to assemble previous to their departure to another clime.

It is early for the swallows to assemble in this way, for the weather is still warm and bright down here in the valley; yet many little signs and tokens betray to the initiated that winter is approaching, and for those who know how to read these signs, it is evident that the cold weather will set in early this year. Fresh streaks of newly fallen snow may be discerned on many hills, and early rains have increased the volume of the little river, and changed its voice from a silvery tenor to a growling baritone. Prudent shepherds have already brought down their charges from the higher pasturages, and the swallows in their unerring wisdom have, in solemn conclave, decided upon an earlier start than usual.

Paula has been vainly endeavoring to count the swallows sitting in a long, vibrating line on the low roof of a neighboring shed, but her efforts are always balked by the twittering agitation of the little travelers, who, abruptly changing place when least expected, seem to derive a special satisfaction in defeating her calculations.

"Stupid things! I wish they would sit still for a minute!" she exclaimed, giving up the attempt in despair; "and I wish—oh, how I wish that Dr. Béchard would go away! He has been here nearly an hour already. What can grandmamma want so long with him to-day?" And then she fell to wondering, for the hundredth time at least, how many more bottles of that nasty brown medicine grandmamma will need to take in order to get rid of that tiresome cough which keeps her awake at night? and how long it will be before she is quite, quite strong again, and able to walk as far as the old wooden bridge, which used to be their daily promenade? To Paula these questions were merely a matter of time, for she is as yet too young to have realized that for some illnesses there is but one way of "getting well"—and that when a patient has reached the ominous threescore-and-ten, this way is by far the most probable one.

Paula Raymond was sitting on the top-most bar of the low garden paling, in an attitude too unconstrained to be considered precisely graceful for a young lady in her seventeenth year. Her feet, which might have been small divested of those hideous hob-nailed shoes, were tapping restlessly against the rails; a coarse straw hat, of the shape worn by the peasants, adorned by a faded green ribbon, dangled

carelessly from her arm. While her inches proclaimed her to be a tall woman, Paula Raymond could not as yet be called anything but a large child; for though framed on the principle of a young Diana, it was as yet but the rough sketch of a picture to be filled in later. There was something unfinished about the features, something untrained about the movements, which made it hazardous to prophesy how the picture would finally turn out, whether the nose would acquire the delicacy it yet lacked, and if the curves about mouth and chin would settle down to the complete satisfaction of an artist. About the eyes alone there could be no mistake,—they were large, brown, and deeply fringed.

"Ah, at last!" she joyfully exclaims, as the house door creaks on its hinges, and a stout, red-faced, red-haired man comes out. Paula jumps down from the paling with more vigor than grace, and runs to meet the old man.

"Well, Dr. Béchard, have you prescribed any new medicine for grandmamma to-day?"

He did not answer at once, but looked at her in a strange, fixed manner, as though he were the questioner and was trying to read some answer off her face.

"Well?" she repeated impatiently, seeing that he did not speak.

The doctor cleared his throat.

"Medicine? Any new medicine? Was that what you asked? Well, not exactly medicine; but I have proposed—in fact made—a suggestion to Madame Raymond which I hope—I think—will be beneficial."

"And grandmamma will soon, very soon, be quite well again, will she not?"

The doctor looked uncomfortable, and turned his head a little aside so as to avoid the direct gaze of those earnest brown eyes.

"Well, you see, my dear Mademoiselle Paula, we must hope for the best; but '*Prudens futuri temporis exitum caliginosa nocte premit deus.*'"

"Oh, Dr. Béchard, please do not talk Latin," said Paula, clasping her hands together, "but tell me what you mean."

This habit of interpolating his speech with Latin citations which he ingeniously made use of, sometimes in positive, sometimes in inverted sense, was the pet weakness of the old doctor, probably indulged in the more freely from the comfortable consciousness that, with the

* "*The wisdom of the gods veils from us the future in impenetrable darkness.*" — HORACE.

exception of the *cure* and the apothecary, no one in the place could understand or control his quotations.

"I mean that everything is in the hands of God; but we must be very careful — *periculum in mora*; and as the winter is likely to be a very severe one, we cannot afford to run any risk; and remember," he went on, taking Paula's hand, and speaking with great earnestness, "that if anything should happen — if you should ever be in trouble of any kind — you may rely implicitly on me and on my — my family. Ovid is quite wrong when he says: —

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos
Tempora si fuerint nubila solus eris.*

He is quite wrong — he is indeed. I have often remarked that Ovid's axioms are rarely to be relied upon."

"I dare say," said Paula, to whom the quotation had conveyed no meaning.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME RAYMOND.

MADAME RAYMOND had white braids of hair shining like frosted glass, a pale ivory complexion, delicately transparent hands, and mild blue eyes, which seemed always to be apologizing to the world in general for the liberty she took in venturing to exist. She was as timid as she was soft-hearted, and that was saying a great deal; for if she never could pass a beggar without giving a copper, so neither could she meet a cow without giving a shriek; had been known to shed tears of pity over a bruised butterfly, and of terror at a cockchafer. She had a scared way of looking round whenever the door opened, and was apt to give little nervous jumps at unexpected noises. She gave a nervous jump now as Paula entered the room breathless, making the floor shake under her firm footstep.

"Well, granny," said Paula, with badly disguised impatience, "you have something to tell me?"

"Yes, dearest child," said Madame Raymond, with a sigh, "I have something to tell you."

Paula did not repeat her question, but there was anxious interrogation in her eager brown eyes, and in her quick, panting breath.

"Dr. Béchard is afraid — There is a

caterpillar on the carpet, Paula my dear," broke off the old lady rather unexpectedly. "Would you mind opening the window and putting it outside?"

"Oh, bother the caterpillar!" cried Paula impatiently.

"Veronica trod upon one yesterday," said Madame Raymond, with a pained expression, "and I cannot talk with any comfort till the poor beast is safe."

Paula felt almost inclined to imitate Veronica's example; but knowing the old lady's weakness, she hastily jerked the brown grub into the garden outside, then came and sat down on a footstool at her grandmother's feet.

"Dr. Béchard is afraid that my cough will never get well if I stay here all winter."

"He wants to send you away!" cried the girl, springing up impetuously, and overturning a chair in her excitement, causing the old parrot in the brass-wire cage to wake up in a flutter.

"You have frightened poor Coco," said Madame Raymond plaintively.

"Oh, never mind Coco," said Paula feverishly, "but go on telling me."

"Sit still, my dear, or how can I tell you?"

But Paula did not sit down again; she remained standing over her small, frail grandmother, looking down at her with fierce inquiry. The latter continued, —

"He thinks that if I were to spend the winter in a warmer climate, the evil might be arrested. He spoke of Cannes or Nice."

"Cannes or Nice!" The girl's dark eyes sparkled with excitement as though the words had been heaven or paradise. "How delightful!"

A shade passed over Madame Raymond's face as she took hold of Paula's sunburnt hand with her delicate fingers, —

"Darling child! I fear that I am going to make you very unhappy, but it cannot be helped. I shall have to go alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone," repeated Madame Raymond, trying to speak firmly, but with increased deprecation in her pale blue eyes; then, as though anxious to get through a painful duty, she went on low and hurriedly, —

"You see, my little Paula, these places are very expensive to live at; everything there costs twice as much as here at home; as it is, my journey will make a large hole in our savings."

"Then I am to stay here — alone?" said Paula in a choking voice, striving

* "So long as you are happy you will have many friends, but when the times are overclouded you will find yourself alone." — OVID.

bravely to force back the tears of disappointment that were starting to her eyes.

How hard it was to disappoint that young, eager spirit yearning for life, and freedom, and change! How natural, how excusable were Paula's aspirations! Are not freedom, and pleasure, and movement the lawful right of the young and strong, just as trouble and suffering are the natural heritage of the aged? But just for that very reason Paula must be left behind, for it was possible — nay, even probable — that trouble rather than pleasure would be the outcome of this journey, and the tender-hearted grandmother would fain spare her granddaughter the pain that might be coming. She had not two years to live — she felt sure of that. Had not the doctor given her to understand as much that very morning? Her life might possibly be prolonged by wintering in a better climate, but the least imprudence would bring on the end; and if dark and troubled days were at hand, it was much better that Paula should not be there to witness them.

"Dearest child! do you think I would part with you unless it were absolutely necessary? It is only for your sake that I care to get well again."

"And you will — you must get well again, grandmamma," cried Paula impetuously, throwing herself down on her knees, and hiding her flushed face in Madame Raymond's lap. "How wicked, how selfish I was to have thought of myself! I will do anything, and bear anything, if you will only promise to come back quite, quite well again in spring."

Madame Raymond smiled rather sadly.

"As God chooses," she said, passing her withered hand over the girl's tumbled hair. "Now listen, my little Paula," she resumed, after a pause. "I have been thinking that as you might find the time long in my absence, I shall arrange with the Demoiselles Dumoulin for you to resume your studies after my departure."

The Demoiselles Dumoulin were two old maids who kept a select boarding-school in the town, and Paula had been their pupil for several years; but lessons had ceased with her sixteenth birthday last spring, to her own no small satisfaction, for life seemed ever so much pleasanter now that she was no longer obliged to spend hours daily over tiresome scales and still more wearisome exercises. And now all at once she was told that she was to resume her studies.

"Back to school!" she ejaculated blankly.

"Not as a boarder of course; you will continue to live here with Veronica, and merely go there for some hours daily. It will be a great advantage for you to perfect yourself in music, drawing, and languages. Who knows whether you may not have to depend upon these accomplishments some day? And," continued Madame Raymond, softly patting her granddaughter's hand, "you will not be quite alone — Dr. Béchard has been kind enough to promise that you shall spend every Sunday afternoon with them."

Paula made an involuntary grimace; she had some experience of what Sunday afternoons at the Béchards' were like, and scarcely felt exhilarated at the prospect.

"Dr. Béchard always goes to sleep after dinner, and Madame Béchard is very deaf," she remarked, not with any intention of complaint, but merely as though stating an unpleasant but incontrovertible fact.

"But Alphonse Béchard is not deaf — neither does he go to sleep, I presume; and his father says that he will soon be coming home from Geneva now that he has finished his studies. Alphonse is a very nice young man" — and as she said this Madame Raymond looked a little anxiously at her granddaughter, and there was a faint point of interrogation mixed up with her statement.

"Nice?" repeated Paula, musingly and a little doubtfully. She had seen very few young men as yet, and could therefore hardly be accounted a competent judge; nevertheless she felt dimly aware that the broad-shouldered, red-haired, freckled young man, with whom she had played as a child, and renewed acquaintance last spring, hardly came up to her ideal of manly perfection.

Presently she said aloud, —

"Grandmamma, what sort of hair had my father?"

"Good gracious, child!" said Madame Raymond, rather bewildered at this abrupt change of subject, "what are you thinking of?"

"I mean, was it dark and curly like mine? or was it red like that of Alphonse Béchard? Was my father like that at his age?"

"Not at all," cried the grandmother with imprudent fervor. "Your poor dear father had light, sunny curls that waved about his head like the picture of St. Michael in the old Bible, and blue eyes that lighted up like stars whenever he spoke of the grand picture he meant to paint when he became a great artist. He

was the handsomest man in the whole canton; every one said so. But there are not many men like my Paul," she continued more soberly, feeling this glowing eulogium to have been injudicious with regard to the object just now in view; and, anxious to mitigate the effect of her words, she hastened to add, "After all, good looks are of little account in a man, and those who are lucky enough to have found a true and honest heart should look no further. If only I could see you in the keeping of a good man I should not be so afraid of dying."

"Don't talk about dying," said Paula, rubbing her cheek caressingly against her grandmother's hand; "don't—I cannot bear it. You will come back to me, granny dearest; say you will?"

"I shall come back to you, dead or alive," said the old woman solemnly, drawing up her small, spare figure with unwonted dignity, while a far-off, visionary look came into her light blue eyes—such a look as sometimes comes to those who have nearly reached the crossing. "Surely I shall come back. I do not feel as though I could rest in my grave far away from you. I will be buried at home under the shade of that large laburnum-tree—you know the spot?"

Paula only nodded, for there was a great lump in her throat which prevented her from speaking just then.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL DONNERFELS.

THE mere appearance of General Donnerfels was calculated to convey terror and dismay. Small children would frequently burst into tears at sight of him, dogs into dismal howls; and even grown-up human beings, with well-balanced minds, were apt to turn aside from their path in order to avoid meeting this formidable individual, who in his person seemed to combine the characteristics of half-a-dozen ferocious specimens of the zoological world. His fierce, rolling eye had an unpleasant resemblance to that of a man-eating tiger; his large, yellow teeth, ever disclosed in a snarling grin akin to the smile of a hyena, were not unlike wild-boar tusks; there was a suggestion of walrus in his heavy, drooping moustache, and of bird of prey about the prominent Roman nose. An illustrious officer in the German army, he owed his fame to a singularly hard and despotic character, which seemed to develop with each step of promotion. A harsh captain, a cruel major, and a ferocious colonel, the

epithet fiendish was scarcely too strong to be applied to him by the time he had attained his generalship. He had distinguished himself in several campaigns, and achieved a noteworthy victory in the Franco-German war. No one ever dared to disobey General Donnerfels, and that, I think, was the true secret of his success, though some facetious people used to say that it was easy for him to gain a victory, and that the sight of his ugly face alone had put to flight some ten thousand Frenchmen at Sedan. Horrible stories were told of his cruelty to the troops, of his callousness to human suffering, and absolute indifference to human life. He had received dozens of decorations as reward of his services, and had been extolled in scores of newspapers as a prominent military authority. In short, General Donnerfels was admired and envied in exact proportion as he was feared and detested. No human being (except perhaps his mother) had felt or even professed affection for him; and, spite of his wealth, no woman had been found brave enough to unite her lot to his.

His sole near relation was a nephew—Bruno von Kettenburg, serving in the diplomatic corps somewhere in southern Europe. General Donnerfels had never seen nor wished to see his sister's son, to whom, nevertheless, the whole property would revert, should he himself die childless or intestate.

But General Donnerfels had no idea of dying just yet; with his iron constitution, which had never known a day's illness, he felt justified in looking forward to the enjoyment of the good things of this life for a long time yet to come; and it was with a sort of indignant incredulity that he began to make the discovery that he was not precisely the same man he had been twenty years previously. He could no longer brave the elements with the impunity of a youth; could not drink six bottles of wine at a sitting; and, above all, could not indulge his habit of flying into a passion every half hour without feeling seriously the worse of it.

At last there came a day when his system received a shock it was not destined to recover. This shock may best be described as a drama in three acts, and with two breakages:—

Act No. 1.—A careless servant breaks a valuable meerschaum pipe.

Act No. 2.—Careless servant carefully kicked down-stairs by General Donnerfels.

Act No. 3.—General Donnerfels breaks a blood-vessel.

The sequel to this drama was a threatening of hæmorrhage to the lungs, rendered more alarming by the bitter cold which had just set in, for it was December.

"Your Excellency requires a warmer climate," timidly suggested the first doctor, called in to attend this formidable patient. "Your Excellency had better go to Nice."

"Go to the devil!" roared the general in the voice of a mad bull.

The doctor went—to the door, which he made all haste to close behind him.

"Go to Mentone," suggested another authority, summoned in a few days later.

"I'll be d—d first," snarled his Excellency, in true hyena-like fashion.

"I'm sure I've no objection," muttered this second doctor; but he muttered it between his teeth, and left the room almost as nimbly as his predecessor had done.

Then there came a doctor who was a brave man as well as a physician, and who was not to be scared by either bulls or hyenas.

"You are a dead man, general, unless you start for the South immediately," were the words of this third doctor.

"What the deuce do you mean?" thundered General Donnerfels, with eyes glaring yellow like those of a man-eating tiger.

But the doctor stood his ground, and was not even afraid of tigers.

"What I mean is simply that your constitution has received a severe shock since your last attack."

"Do you mean to say," snarled the general, "that my life is threatened because of that little episode last week? Absurd! Why, I have kicked my servants down-stairs for the last forty years, and it has never yet disagreed with me."

"No doubt," said the doctor dryly, "but there is a limit to every one's strength; and no man is as strong at sixty-five as he was at twenty. Another such attack may carry you off, especially in this cold weather. With a mild climate, sober living, and absolute avoidance of all violent emotion, you may recover; but I will answer for nothing if you neglect my warning."

General Donnerfels gave no sign of being about to conform to the doctor's orders; but when the latter had taken his leave, he rang the bell, and with the veins swelling ominously on the forehead, informed the valet that "if the good-for-nothing rascal did not pack the portmanteau in time to start that evening, he would thrash the vile, dirty, vagabond fellow within an ace of his wretched life."

CHAPTER IV.

TONINO.

MADAME RAYMOND, now established for over two months at San Pino, a newly discovered sanitary resort on the Riviera, was already beginning to feel the beneficial effects of the change of climate. Her nights were no longer disturbed by fever, she had recovered her appetite and almost lost her cough, and in the balmy sea air took daily walks on the picturesque promenade overhanging the shore. If only her darling Paula had been there to enjoy it all!—that was the ever-recurring burden of her letters; but, please God, their separation would not last very much longer. Half of the time was already past, for it was nearly Christmas now, and by the end of March she hoped the doctor would allow her to travel home. So wrote the good old lady, little dreaming that her northward journey was destined to take place at a far earlier date.

In a place like San Pino, frequented by sick and convalescent people, a certain number of professional beggars always haunt the public walks, endeavoring to make capital out of the compassion, the benevolence, the vanity, or *ennui* of the patients. Sick people often give alms from a fellow-feeling of compassion; convalescent ones out of gratitude for regained health; idle people give because they have nothing else to do; and vain ones in order to excite admiration. A few, a very few there are, who give out of pure, undulterated charity. These professional beggars have unusually sharp eyes as to all such motives, and at a glance can spot those subjects likely to be remunerative objects of their efforts. Knowing to a nicety what they have to expect from each of the guests, the beggars lose no time in classifying them as benefactors of first, second, or third class.

Prominent in the first class of benefactors this year was an old lady to whom no hand was ever stretched in vain; and if the coin she gave each time was but a small one, the benevolent smile which accompanied it often enhanced the value in the eyes of the recipient. The other guests were all more or less charitable, and gave alms as benevolence or fancy dictated—all, with one exception: a tall, fierce, military-looking man arrived at San Pino about the middle of December, whom no beggar ever dared to approach.

Upon no mendicant were smiles and coppers showered as plentifully as upon

Tonino, a handsome, impudent beggar-boy *à la* Murillo, with a wealth of dusky curls, and melting black eyes which when raised to your face with a pleading expression had the effect of sending your hand instinctively to the pocket; while the thrilling tone of voice in which he said, "*Ho fame, fame*" (I am hungry, hungry), could not fail to touch the most obdurate heart. Alone General Donnerfels remained untouched, and his hand only never strayed in the direction of the pocket.

December had been unusually mild even for Italy, and might have advertised itself as May or September anywhere else. There was scarcely anything, in fact, to distinguish it from summer, for the foliage, consisting principally of laurel and olive groves, remained the same all the year round; while the brambles and wild roses which draped each rock and wall with their luxuriant tangles, never took the trouble of undressing at all, but kept on their old leaves — hardly the worse for wear — throughout the winter, to be shuffled off imperceptibly when spring in coming round again bestowed on them new suits of verdure.

The sky was as blue as the sea, and the sea as blue as a sapphire; the air, almost too soft and relaxing for robust constitutions, was like elixir to the delicate. People lived out of doors at this genial season, and the Cur-garden was crowded from morn to night with the convalescent — all eating, drinking, reading, talking, or flirting *al fresco*; while more confirmed invalids lounged on balconies or verandahs, drinking great draughts of the aromatic breezes, which seemed fraught with life and hope.

On Christmas day the sun rose somewhat less brightly than usual; and when old Madame Raymond stepped outside to take the morning walk prescribed by the doctor, she was met by a chillier rush of air than she had ever felt at San Pino before. She noticed, too, for the first time, that a heavy bank of leaden clouds had gathered on the horizon, and that the sea was grey, not blue, to-day.

Madame Raymond shivered slightly as she drew her shawl closer around, and fastened it tighter across the chest with a large, old-fashioned, pearl brooch. The woollen shawl, which had been almost oppressively warm these last weeks, now suddenly seemed to have become thin and scanty.

"I wish I had put on my warm cloak," she said to herself, hesitating on the

threshold; but she felt reluctant to go up that long, steep flight of stairs in search of warmer raiment; for her room, which had been selected for economical reasons, lay *au second*.

"Please, monsieur," she began, with a world of deprecation in eyes and voice, to a magnificent waiter just passing with a tray, "would you kindly fetch me —"

But the magnificent waiter, who was engaged in serving breakfast to a Russian princess occupying the finest suite of rooms *au premier*, did not even wait to hear the end of the phrase, but passed on up-stairs, after casting a contemptuous glance at the old lady and her shabby shawl.

Madame Raymond sighed resignedly; she was used to such rebuffs, and had far too little self-assertion to make a second attempt.

"I need not walk quite so far to-day," she said to herself, closing the large glass door behind her.

The beggars were even more numerous than usual this morning, and Madame Raymond had to stop repeatedly and fumble in her pocket for coppers; but as she advanced farther, the marine promenade lay deserted before her, and she was able to proceed unmolested. She no longer felt cold now; the effort of walking had warmed her blood and given a slight tinge of color to her withered cheek, and with something of interest she watched the crowds of sea-gulls and gannets flapping and shrieking among the rocks. She had never seen so many of them together before. She noticed, too, that the sea, usually so calm, was rising into tiny wavelets imperceptibly higher every minute, and that countless little fishing-boats were making for the shore; but, being ignorant of the weather-lore of these parts, she failed to attach any special importance to these signs.

She had reached an exposed spot, where the promenade, rounding a promontory, lost sight of the hotels and houses of San Pino, when a sudden gust of wind made her pause and reflect that she had better be turning homewards; but just then a musical childish voice struck in upon her ear, —

"*Un soldo, signora, per l'amor del Santo Bambino — mi muore di fame!*" (A copper, a copper, lady, for the love of Holy Infant — I am dying of hunger!), and black-eyed Tonino, wiping his mouth with the back of a very dirty hand, issued from behind a projecting rock.

Madame Raymond had already ex-

hausted all her coppers at the beginning of the walk, so she made a feeble effort to wave off the young rogue; but when Tonino, confident in his own powers of fascination, repeated again in still more heart-rending accents: "*Ho fame, fame, fame!*"—emphasizing his words by laying one filthy little hand expressively on the pit of his stomach—her firmness gave way. This was Christmas day, to be sure, so how could she find it in her heart to let this poor child go starving home? There were very few silver francs remaining in Madame Raymond's purse, but one of these was hastily drawn out and transferred to Tonino's outstretched palm.

While fumbling for her purse Madame Raymond had, however, dropped the pearl brooch which held her shawl together, and she never noticed how the nimble young vagabond had meanwhile transferred this article swiftly and deftly to an opening in his own tattered breeches, which showed many curious bulges on their surface.

Some one else had, however, been witness of the little transaction, for just at that moment General Donnerfels rounded the corner, and with a glance of his hawk-like eye took in the whole situation. With two strides he had reached them and caught hold of the delinquent.

"Impudent young thief!" he shouted. "Dying of hunger, are you? What is that, and that, and that?" he added, with one hand emptying the urchin's pockets of their contents, bringing to light, besides the gold brooch in question, a miscellaneous assortment of broken pieces of bread, cheese, meat, sausages, besides stolen pocket-handkerchiefs and copper and silver coins, while with the other hand he held Tonino fast imprisoned in an iron grip.

"Vile, godless young rogue!" he now thundered in *crescendo* accents. "So you are not content with obtaining money under false pretences, but must needs, moreover, add to your misdemeanors by stealing as well!"

Tonino only answered by a vigorous yell, calculated to convey the impression of acute physical suffering.

"And as for you, madame," resumed this terrible man, turning to Madame Raymond, who, overcome by mingled terror and compassion—terror on her own account, and compassion for the supposed sufferings of the luckless Tonino—had lapsed into tears; "as for you, madame," he repeated, holding out the pearl brooch, "do you know what you have been doing?"

"Taking my morning walk," gasped the old lady between her sobs.

"No; you have been fostering vice and encouraging theft. It is you and the like of you that deprave and demoralize youth and prepare criminals for the gallows. There would be no more beggars, nor pickpockets either, if there were no d—d old fools to encourage them!"

By this time General Donnerfels's voice had risen to that celebrated mad-bull roar which had obtained such fame throughout the length and breadth of the German Empire. The veins on his forehead were standing out like knotted whipcord, his complexion rapidly deepening to a dusky purple, his eyes bloodshot and glaring like those of a tiger about to spring.

Madame Raymond, by this time too terrified even to sob, was nearly fainting; but Tonino, who had ceased howling, recognizing it to be a useless waste of power, now seeing his opportunity, with an unexpected movement wrenched himself free of his persecutor's grasp, and was off with the agility of a young deer in the direction of the olive-grove ahead, into which he disappeared, after having turned round to disclose his splendid teeth in a dazzling grin of impudent triumph.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" roared the general, and made a step or two as though in pursuit; but presently he paused, put one hand up to his head, then reeling backwards, with one long, heavy groan fell senseless to the ground.

For full two minutes Madame Raymond stood immovable, not daring to advance or retreat. She was far too stupefied by the scene gone through to be able to think clearly all at once. What was she to do? Go home, as prudence suggested, for the wind was rising every minute and a thin, drizzling rain beginning to fall. But she was a Christian, and common charity demanded that she should at least endeavor to render some assistance to this unfortunate man, who in one second had been transformed from a raging wild beast to an inert and senseless body. It was not lack of charity that caused her to hesitate in approaching him, but sheer terror lest he should wake up again and renew his attack.

At last, with an effort—heroic under the circumstances—Madame Raymond conquered her repugnance and drew near. General Donnerfels lay quite still, just where he had fallen. He was alive—of that the deep, stertorous breathing gave evidence—but there was no sign of returning consciousness. A thin stream of

blood was trickling down from one nostril, and the mouth was open, but the eyes were closed. Madame Raymond felt more courage now that those terrible, glaring orbs were no longer fixed upon her. She knelt down and timidly took hold of his hand.

How long she knelt there she did not know, for, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, she had sunk into a state of semistupor—long enough to get drenched through to the skin by the falling rain, and chilled to the core by the wind coming in ever colder blasts from the sea.

A sea-gull, swooping down over the body, shrieked almost in her ear, and aroused her again to consciousness. She endeavored to raise her voice in a cry for help, but it was weak and hoarse, and there was a stinging pain in her throat; and when she tried to rise to her feet, her limbs refused to carry her—all the joints were cramped and stiff, and the head was burning like fire.

Thus the two were found some time later by some passer-by, who gave the alarm, and had them conveyed to their respective abodes.

That night a fearful storm raged over sea and land, and the weather, with one of those sudden revulsions from which even the sunny South is not exempt, changed to bitter cold.

CHAPTER V.

ALPHONSE BECHARD.

NOVEMBER and December had passed very slowly for Paula, one day like the other. She plodded backwards and forwards between her home and the boarding-school, where she spent many hours daily misinterpreting the music of Beethoven and Mozart, or in executing neat little pencil-drawings of castles and ruins of romantic appearance but deficient perspective. Paula was not passionately fond of either pursuit, but her grandmother had desired that she should study these things, so she bravely applied herself to the uncongenial tasks, and tried to fight against the despondency of those long, trailing days. But longest of all were the evenings, when the early winter gloom had set in, and there were no more tasks to be finished for next day. When she had alternately fed and teased the old parrot, and had stroked out one more day in the calendar on which she marked the progress of this to her interminably long winter, then indeed there remained nothing more to do. The cosy sitting-room seemed

large and cheerless, and oftenest Paula would slip away to the kitchen, where old Veronica, sitting darning the household linen, would sometimes let herself be coaxed into a little desultory talk.

Sundays alone brought some change in the order of her daily life, for on these days she dined and spent the afternoon with the Béchards; taking a walk with the family after dinner, or playing draughts with Alphonse Béchard if the weather were bad. Although these entertainments could scarcely be called very exciting, yet they served to break the monotony of existence, and Paula unconsciously began to look forward to Sunday afternoon as the only bright spot in her dreary week.

To-day was not Sunday, but it was New Year's day, and Paula had been invited to an extra festive dinner at the Béchards'. Dinner was over now, and Dr. Béchard, according to an invariable habit, which he discouraged in his patients but cultivated in person, had subsided into an armchair to snore off the effects of roast goose and chocolate cake.

"Multi mortales dediti ventri atque somno vitam transiere,"* he used invariably to quote, before settling down to the daily snooze.

Madame Béchard, with a large grey cat on her lap, had drawn her chair quite close to the stove, and was soon engrossed in the mysteries of her knitting.

It was impossible to go out to-day, as the snow was falling fast and heavy, so Alphonse brought out the draught-board and set it on the little table within the deep window embrasure, which afforded such agreeable privacy for a *lôte-à-lôte* conversation; while, raised a step above the level of the room, it commanded a convenient view of the street below.

"What shall we play for?" said Paula, smiling across at the big young man who was placing the draughts on their respective squares. "Shall it be for nuts or gingerbread to-day?"

"Neither," said Alphonse mysteriously. "You shall have something better than gingerbread if you win."

"And if I lose?"

"Time enough to talk about that when you do lose," said the youth, who had already determined which way the victory was to fall.

The victory usually fell to Paula, she knew that well enough; knew what satisfaction it afforded Alphonse to be able to

* "Many mortals pass through life as slaves of their belly and their sleep."—SALLUST.

present her with a packet of gingerbread or a bag of nuts; and she was still child enough to be fond of gingerbread, yet woman enough to enjoy the dawning sense of power over this young giant, who would get red or pale at a look or a word of hers. So she accepted his gifts with equanimity, and feigned blindness to the clumsy manoeuvres by means of which he continued to get rid of most of his draughtsmen.

"There now! Two more pieces gone!" groaned Alphonse with simulated despair, as Paula pounced upon two black draughtsmen and joyfully proclaimed, —

"Another king! That makes five to your two, Monsieur Alphonse."

"I have no luck," said Alphonse complacently. "I give up the game."

"Nonsense!" said Paula, who hardly cared for such an easy victory. But her too obliging adversary had already swept the pieces off the board and risen from his chair. Presently he returned with a parcel wrapped up in tissue paper, and approached her with more embarrassment than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Mademoiselle Paula," he began, blushing up to the roots of his hair, "I hope you will not — not dislike the liberty I am taking."

Paula, perfectly composed, took the parcel and smilingly opened it, disclosing a large red satin *bonbonnière* in the shape of a heart, with a pair of turtle-doves in white sugar upon it, and filled to the brim with the finest sugarplums the little town of Z — could produce.

"How lovely!" she delightedly exclaimed; "but how can I take such a beautiful present, Monsieur Alphonse? It must have cost heaps and heaps of money."

"It is New Year's day," said Alphonse, so beseechingly that Paula's scruples vanished, and she rewarded her enamored swain by putting a bonbon into her mouth.

"How good of you!" said Alphonse gratefully; "then you do not dislike — the — the outside of the box?" — and he grew still more furiously red.

"I like the inside best," she answered demurely, selecting a large burnt almond.

"I know it is not near pretty enough," said Alphonse humbly — "not worthy of you — nothing is; but I chose this one because I — I — liked the — shape. I hope you do not object to the shape, Mademoiselle Paula?"

"It is a very pretty shape," said Paula, still munching her bonbon. "What is it meant to be? A turnip, is it not?"

"A heart," said Alphonse with sudden boldness.

"Oh, a heart," said Paula, in a rather constrained tone of voice; and then for a minute there was silence in the room, broken only by the click-click of Madame Béchard's knitting-pins, the purring of the grey cat, and the occasional swish of the driving snow against the window-pane.

Paula had turned her face a little aside, and was looking down into the street where the figure of a solitary postman could be seen plodding wearily from house to house. He had a larger packet than usual to-day in his hand — probably New Year cards of congratulation to deliver.

Alphonse was breathing rather hard, and his face had a concentrated expression, as though he were bracing himself up to some unusual effort. At such moments the resemblance to his father was striking; just so Dr. Béchard looked when about to prescribe a dose of rhubarb or of castor oil. At last he spoke, —

"And if I were to offer you another heart, Mademoiselle Paula — not a paltry thing of red satin like this, but a real living heart of flesh and blood — would you accept it also? and not — not mistake it for a turnip?" he concluded, with an obviously lame attempt at lightness.

Paula was not smiling now. She turned her head slowly from the window and looked at her lover opposite, with a thoughtfully scrutinizing expression. She looked at his broad shoulders, at his large red hands, at his close-cropped ruddy hair, and honest freckled face, as though she were taking stock of these characteristics for the first time. He was not handsome, to be sure, but he was good and true and honest, and loved her — what need she wish for more? Then Paula looked away past him into the room beyond, as though it too were new to her, letting her eyes rest in turn on the old mildewed engravings of allegorical figures representing Justice, Charity, Peace, and Prudence, in dingy gold frames on the wall; at the solid mahogany table, and row of stiff mahogany chairs; at the bookcase containing two rows of medical works, and some old bound-up volumes of fashion-plates; then at the figure of the slumbering doctor and his placidly knitting wife. Was her whole life really to be spent within these four walls, every detail of which was familiar to her since her childhood? (for of course it was understood that Alphonse was to succeed to his father's practice); and would she herself, some thirty or forty years hence, be sitting here opposite Al-

phonse, knitting, with a grey cat on her lap?

The grey cat's purring had suddenly grown intolerably loud—she felt it buzzing in her ears, and experienced a choking sensation as though the room were too warm. Paula got up and leant her hot cheek against the window-pane, still not knowing what words she would next speak. The postman was just crossing the street.

"He is coming in here!" she cried out, relieved at the prospect of an interruption.

A ring at the door-bell confirmed her assertion, and the servant came into the room bearing a thick letter for her master.

The doctor yawned and rubbed his eyes. "From Italy," he said to himself, recognizing the stamp, "but I do not know the writing."

The letter in hand, he rose and approached the window where Paula and Alphonse had been sitting. Further conversation was now impossible, and Paula was thankful for the respite.

Dr. Béchard opened the cover and drew out a note which appeared to have been penned in haste; but there was still something else within the envelope. After adjusting his spectacles, he began to read half aloud,—

"WORTHY SIR, — As I understand you to have been the friend and medical adviser of the late —"

Here the doctor broke off suddenly and cast a scared glance at Paula, who had begun to eat bonbons again.

"From whom is the letter?" she now asked, seeing that Dr. Béchard had turned over the sheet and was closely inspecting the signature on the other side.

"Nothing, nothing, my dear—only a business letter, I think," he returned confusedly; and signing to his son to follow him, he hurriedly left the room muttering, "Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent."*

The letter proved to be from the Cur doctor at San Pino, stating how two days previously, on the evening of the 30th of December, his patient, Madame Raymond, had succumbed to an acute attack of inflammation of the windpipe. In accordance with instructions found among the papers of the deceased, her body was being forwarded by the shortest route to her native town, and would probably reach Z— simultaneously with this news. The

certificate of her death was here enclosed, as well as a letter which had been found addressed to Mademoiselle Paula Raymond. The writer begged his learned *confrère* to excuse brevity. There had been another death, and his hands were full, as the sanitary laws of the place demanded that every corpse to be interred elsewhere should be despatched within twenty-four hours of the decease. Here the letter concluded with the usual expression of conventional esteem habitual between medical colleagues.

The enclosure was addressed to "*My beloved granddaughter Paula Raymond, to be given after my death,*" and it ran as follows:—

"MY DARLING PAULA, — Within two or three years, perhaps even sooner, you will read these lines, and will know that your old grandmother, who has loved you so tenderly, is now praying for you in heaven. Perhaps God in his great goodness may permit us to be together some little time longer; may let me even live to see you a happy wife and mother. I should die more peacefully if I knew your future to be assured. But if this is not to be—and sometimes I think that I may not live to see another summer—if I am no longer there to advise you, I pray that you may be wisely guided in your choice. Alphonse Béchard is a good and honest young man, and would be a kind and faithful husband, I am sure. Should your heart permit you to return his love, then my anxieties would be at rest.

"You are not likely to meet with a second attachment as true and disinterested as this one, for poor girls have few suitors; and you will be poor, my Paula—perhaps you hardly yet realize how poor. My little pension as widow of an *employé* will die with me, and then your only other resource will be to earn your bread as a governess or companion.

"Wherever and whenever it may please the Almighty to call me away, I desire to be buried at home, under the large laburnum you know so well. I shall rest more softly knowing that my Paula is there, and that she will plant my favorite forget-me-nots over the grave.

"Farewell, darling child; you have been the joy and consolation of my old age. May the earnest blessing of your dying grandmother bring you happiness and prosperity here and hereafter!

"MADELEINE RAYMOND.

"SAN PINO, October 183-."

* "The gods treat us mortals like balls." — PLAUTUS.

CHAPTER VI.

A COFFIN.

PAULA'S grief was deep and stormy, in proportion as the blow was unexpected and sudden. If her grandmother had died here in her own house, with Paula beside her to receive the last farewell blessing, the shock would no doubt have been a severe one, yet as nothing compared to what she now was suffering. Looking back upon their parting in October, it seemed to the girl's self-tormenting fancy that her parting words had lacked warmth, her embraces tenderness, and with bitter self-reproach she recollected that her uppermost feeling at that moment had been one of disappointment at being left behind.

"Oh granny, dear granny," she sobbed to herself, as she knelt by Madame Raymond's empty bed at home and buried her face in the pillows, "if only I could see your dear, kind face once more, only just once, to say good-bye, then it would not be so dreadfully hard to bear! — only just once, to say good-bye!"

Madame Béchard had endeavored to persuade her to stay in their house till the funeral rites were over; but her hospitality had been feverishly declined by the excited girl, who only wanted to be alone, she said.

"Leave her in peace," said the old doctor. "*Est quædam flere voluptas.*"* So Paula had been suffered to follow her own inclination.

The coffin had arrived on the morning of the 2d of January, and, previous to interment next day, was placed in the church. Paula, leaning on Dr. Béchard's arm, had gone to the cemetery to point out the spot where Madame Raymond was to rest; then entering the church, she had stood for some minutes wrapped in thought, gazing at the black-draped coffin. Her grief had now reached the silent, tearless stage, infinitely more pathetic to witness in the young than the first natural and stormy explosion; and Dr. Béchard had no clue to her thoughts, as she stood there with great dark, wistful eyes, which seemed as if they would pierce through the dense black pall that hid her grandmother from view.

Hide her from view — yes, that was the thought that was rankling in Paula's mind with intolerable persistency; only a wooden board and a layer of black stuff between them. If she could but push aside the pall, raise the coffin-lid, and press

one last kiss on the waxen face within; if she could but once say, "Granny, dear granny, good-bye," then her mind would be at rest — so at least it seemed to her excited imagination.

She dismissed the thought as insane, but again and again it would keep recurring to her mind, almost with the force of a monomania.

The winter day had long closed in when old Veronica came into the little parlor and set down a dish of ham and eggs before her young mistress.

"I cannot eat," said Paula, almost angrily, turning away in disgust. "Veronica, how can you imagine that I could be so heartless as to look at food to-day? Take it away directly."

Veronica for all reply pushed the dish a little nearer. She was old enough to know that the stomach must have its rights whatever the heart may be suffering.

"You will not do your blessed grandmother much good by starving yourself," she dryly observed. "You look like a ghost already, Mamselle Paula, and will not be able to attend the funeral to-morrow if you do not eat something. Do you think madame would be pleased to see you now?"

Paula was not attending to the old woman's talk.

"Veronica," she said suddenly, "we must go out again this evening. I want you to go with me to the church."

"Mercy on us all! Out again in this bitter cold, and you as weak as water from not having tasted food to-day! It would be folly, simple folly, mamselle."

"But I must go," repeated Paula. "Veronica — dear, good Veronica," she went on, getting up and throwing her arms round the old servant's wrinkled brown neck — "you will come with me, I know you will, or else I shall have to go alone; but go I must. I shall become mad if I do not go."

Veronica looked doubtfully at Paula, and then shook her head. She saw that her young mistress was strangely excited, that her eyes were shining like two living coals, her cheeks pale as death by contrast. She felt that the hands were burning, while the teeth were chattering together as if with cold. She feared to give in to this crazy idea, yet feared still more to thwart her.

"Listen, mamselle," said Veronica, after a pause; "I will go with you on one condition — that you will first eat your supper."

* "There is a certain pleasure in tears." — OVID
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"Anything — anything you choose," said Paula eagerly, sitting down again before the previously despised dish of ham, and beginning to eat it up very fast, though it conveyed no taste to her palate, and she would equally have swallowed a dish of paper or of straw.

While Veronica was putting on her hooded cloak and lighting the large hand-lantern, Paula had unlocked a drawer and taken out some money, which she carefully concealed in her pocket.

The night air was so cold that it caught their breath like a knife as they opened the house door. Paula was so much muffled up as to be almost unrecognizable, and had put a thick woollen veil over her face; yet it was not the cold alone which had dictated these precautions.

They made but slow progress at first; for the snow, piled up deep and unevenly by the yesterday's wind, caused Paula's feet to sink in at every step, sometimes above the ankle, sometimes even higher. Veronica had to walk in front holding the lantern, for the night was dark, and a dense white fog, indicative of more snow yet to come, hung over everything, and prevented the stars from shining. The deserted streets looked strange and ghostly as they entered them; only at rare intervals the dingy oil-lamps, by which the town was lighted, shed pools of ruddy light on the fresh-fallen snow.

"This way," said Paula, hastily pulling her veil yet closer, and turning into a narrow by-street, as she caught sight of a group of figures approaching.

The town clock was ringing out ten o'clock as they reached the church. They went round the back of the building, and then Paula stopped in front of the little house where lived the sexton.

"Wait here outside," she said imperiously to Veronica, as, having knocked for admittance, the door was opened from within.

The time of waiting seemed very long to Veronica stamping about in her thick *sabots* to keep her blood from congealing. She could only hear a confused murmur inside; Paula's young, clear voice, now imperious and commanding, now coaxing and pleading, as it seemed to her, alternated with the old sexton's hoarse croaking organ; but she could not distinguish the words.

"I cannot do it, indeed I cannot, *mamselle*," he was saying for the twentieth time at least; "it is as much as my place is worth. If *monsieur le curé* were to guess that I had betrayed the confidence

reposed in me, I should be dismissed on the spot."

"But no one will ever know of it," pleaded Paula. "No one will ever be the wiser or the worse of it. What harm can it possibly do to any one?"

"There was a medical commissioner here the other day," said the sexton, "examining into the state of the churchyard. If any of the doctors were to catch wind of such a thing, I should be a lost man."

"They never can catch wind of it," answered Paula; "and do you not see that in this cold weather there can be no risk to any one's health? Is it not a right and pious action to help a grandchild to say farewell to her grandmother? I shall never be happy again if I do not see her once more, and it will be all your fault. You will therefore be really doing harm by refusing, and only good by conceding to my wish, she wound up, with that ingenious sophistry which comes instinctively to every woman.

Was it the influence of Paula's bright eyes and eloquent words? or perhaps the eloquence of the still brighter gold coin he saw shining between her clasped fingers. Certain it was that the sexton took a large bunch of ponderous keys from the wall and led the way across to the church.

The coffin stood in the centre aisle of the little Gothic church, just in front of the high altar. Six large wax torches, in massive bronze holders, were ranged on either side. The sexton proceeded to kindle two of these so as to have sufficient light for his work.

Paula and Veronica had meanwhile sat down on a bench to wait, the latter very much alarmed at the details of this ghastly drama into which she had been beguiled. Had she ever suspected *mademoiselle* of such a mad and sacrilegious design, nothing on earth would have induced her to stir hand or foot in the matter.

After fumbling with a screw-driver for some ten minutes, the sexton removed the last nail from the lid of the stout oak coffin. There was still a brass bolt to be withdrawn; but this he did not attempt to open, for now that he had all but accomplished the job a new qualm of conscience seemed to have seized upon him.

"There, *mamselle*," he said, rubbing his head uneasily, "I have done your bidding, but I will not be the one to raise the lid. You can do it for yourself if you please, and I shall just go into the sacristy and wait till you call me back. Then at least I shall be able truthfully to say that I never opened the coffin, nor even saw it done."

"And I shall go with you," said old Veronica, rising hastily from the bench and crossing herself. "May the holy saints preserve me from taking any part in this matter! Mademoiselle Paula, be wise and come away too. It is not good to disturb the dead; come away, come away."

But Paula gave no answer or sign of having heard. She waited till the sacristy door had closed behind the two, and then slowly and mechanically, like a person in a trance, she rose and approached the coffin.

The two gigantic torches flickering in the draughty building lit up the little church in weird and mystic fashion; now bringing out into strong relief some nook or corner, some quaint bit of carving or ancient inscription on the wall, then throwing all back into shadow again, flushing or paling the features of statues within stone niches, and lending expression to the grotesque traceries on the twisted columns. The whole church was peopled with supernatural beings; at least so it seemed to Paula in her overwrought nervous state. Now that she had gained her object and was about to see her desire accomplished, a sudden tremor seized upon her, and she was only conscious of a great reluctance to raising the lid of that coffin. Was not Veronica right, after all, in saying that man should not tamper with the barrier dividing the living from the dead? Strangely enough, she had felt nearer her grandmother yesterday evening when she had knelt and wept by the empty bed, than now standing beside the coffin that held her mortal remains.

With an effort Paula roused herself from these thoughts. She passed her hand over her burning forehead while casting a scared glance round the church. Was she not here by her own action, her own desire? She must not let herself give way to this pitiable weakness.

Feverishly with trembling fingers she tugged at the bolt till it gave way, and then easily and noiselessly the lid swung back on its hinges.

Veronica and the sexton, waiting in the sacristy, were suddenly aroused by a piercing shriek, long-drawn and shrill, as it rang out in the stillness of the frosty night. Too terrified to move, they held their breath and listened as again the awful sound was repeated, waking horrible echoes in the vaulted aisles. There was the noise as of something falling, and then all was still once more.

"Robbers! murder!" now screamed Veronica, having recovered her senses. "They have murdered my young mistress!"

"For God's sake be quiet," said the sexton in a hoarse whisper, putting his hand over the old woman's lips. "It will be a bad night's work for me if any one finds us here. Give me the lantern," and snatching it from her hand, he preceded her into the church.

The sight that met their eyes was terrible enough, though it was not what they had expected to see. On the ground lay Paula in a dead faint, having in her fall overturned one of the lighted torches, which luckily had been extinguished by the action. The other torch still burned fiercely and fitfully, throwing its light full on the figure within the open coffin.

It was the corpse of a massively framed, hard-featured man in uniform, with a profusion of decorations across his broad chest, and an expression of countenance calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. There was tyranny stamped on his low, broad forehead, cold avarice expressed in the large hooked nose, wanton cruelty in the square formation of jaw and chin, and unbridled passion in the curves of the crooked lips which refused to close over large, tusk-like teeth; and as the flickering red torchlight fell straight upon him, this awful being seemed to grow alive again, and alternately to glare and scowl, and frown and grin, at the two terrified bystanders.

"It is the devil himself!" said old Veronica in an awestruck whisper. "I knew that no good would come of this job to-night."

From The Edinburgh Review.

A HANOVERIAN MARRIAGE.*

MADemoiselle ELEONORE DESMIER D'OLBREUZE, born on January 3, 1639, the daughter of a Protestant gentleman of Poitou of an ancient but decayed family and of slender means, was the common ancestress of the royal houses of Great

* 1. *Une Mésalliance dans la Maison de Brunswick* (1665-1725). *Eleonore Desmier d'Olbreuse, Duchesse de Zell*. Par le Viscomte Horrie de Beaucaire. 8vo. Paris: 1884.

2. *Memoirs of Sophia, Electress of Hanover* (1630-1680). Translated by H. Forester. London: 1838.

3. *Denkwürdigkeiten der Kurfürstin Sophia von Hannover*. By Dr. Adolf Köcher. Berlin: 1886.

4. *State Papers and Correspondence from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover*. Edited by John Mitchell Kemble. 8vo. London: 1857.

Britain and of Prussia. Her daughter, the unhappy Sophia Dorothea, was the wife of King George I. and the mother of King George II.; and her granddaughter, the first queen of Prussia, was the mother of no less a personage than Frederic II. All the numerous and illustrious members of both these royal families may trace their descent from this remarkable young lady, who began her career in life in the comparatively humble capacity of a lady-in-waiting of Madame de Tremoille, the Princess of Tarentum. Probably this singular fact may surprise some of our readers, and even some of the distinguished personages whose knowledge of their own lineage is incomplete. But it does not rest on the evidence collected by a French memoir writer, although M. de Beaucaire has succeeded in discovering a great deal of authentic correspondence of the time. Nor is this evidence produced with any invidious intention. For the Electress Sophia herself has left memoirs which corroborate in every particular this strange and romantic story. They have been published in the fourth volume of the Prussian archives, and are now accessible in a translation to the English reader.

As the line of descent of these illustrious persons is somewhat intricate and difficult to trace, from the similarity of names, it may be well, for the intelligence of what is to follow, to state with precision their exact order of birth and intermarriage. Sophia Dorothea of Zell, born in 1666, was the only child of George William, afterwards Duke of Zell, by Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze, whom he married in 1676, ten years after the birth of their child. This young lady, Sophia Dorothea, who was legitimized by the marriage of her parents, and raised to the rank of a princess by the emperor of Germany, married in 1682 her cousin George Louis, the son of Duke Ernest Augustus and Sophia, the daughter and twelfth child of the king and queen of Bohemia, and granddaughter of King James I. of England and Scotland, on whom by the Act of Settlement the crown of Britain devolved. The tragical fate of Sophia Dorothea, afterwards called the Countess d'Ahliden, is well known. She was the mother of George Augustus, King George II. of England, and of a daughter called Sophia Dorothea, after herself, who married in 1706 the crown-prince of Prussia, afterwards King Frederic William I. of Prussia. The issue of this marriage was her renowned son, Frederic II., surnamed by some the Great. Hence it appears that Mademoiselle d'Ol-

breuze was the grandmother of George II. and of the queen of Prussia, and the great-grandmother of Frederic II., who perhaps owed some of his predilection for the language and the literature of France to the French blood in his veins. We shall endeavor briefly to relate in the following pages, from these authentic materials, the extraordinary course of events which raised this Protestant young lady of comparatively humble birth to be the mother of so many "kings to be," and which undoubtedly contributed to give to the courts of Zell and Hanover a brilliancy and an importance in Europe which they had not possessed for several generations.

The rise of Madame de Maintenon to be the wife of Louis XIV. was not more improbable, the power exercised by Madame de Maintenon was not greater than that which was enjoyed, on a far narrower theatre, by the lady who became the Duchess of Zell. But there the comparison ceases. The life of Madame de Maintenon was blameless and austere; the early life of Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze somewhat wanton and, to say the least, irregular. Madame de Maintenon studiously concealed her high dignity; the Duchess of Zell became a princess and blazoned her rank in the world. Madame de Maintenon left no children; the Duchess of Zell, through her daughter, was the progenitress of the two leading Protestant houses of Europe. Both these ladies owed their extraordinary fortunes to the irresistible charm of their manners and conversation, which was, in their day, peculiar to French society and the court of France. And it may be added, to complete this curious contrast of these great contemporaries, that whilst the intolerant fervor of Madame de Maintenon led her to abet the persecution and expulsion from France of her Huguenot countrymen, the Protestant zeal of Eléonore d'Olbreuze made her a champion of their rights and opened an asylum in Germany to their families.

We shall not follow M. de Beaucaire into his attempt to trace the origin and fortunes of the Desmier family. In the days of her splendor the Duchess of Zell became the idol of the pedigree makers, and even Leibnitz sought to connect her with the most illustrious races. The fact appears to be that her father was a country gentleman, of ancient descent, but not a member of the higher *noblesse* of France; and he was so reduced in his circumstances that after having furnished his daughter with all the accomplishments of the time, to which were added her own

beauty, graces, and talents, her parents were glad to place her in the suite of their neighbor, the Princess of Tarentum, wife of the head of the house of Tremouille, and of the Protestant nobility of Poitou.* This lady was the daughter of the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and might be regarded as of sovereign rank in Europe. Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze became her lady-in-waiting, but not in a menial capacity. The taunt afterwards thrown out by the Duchess of Orleans, that she might have been glad to marry the prince's valet, was a mere piece of spite and impertinence.

Protestant princes and courtiers were not welcome at the court of Versailles. The Prince of Tarentum, followed by his wife, quitted France and entered the military service of the United Provinces. Eléonore d'Olbreuze declared that she was too much indebted to her illustrious patroness not to accompany her in her travels, and that she would willingly attend her in a foreign country. Holland was then at the most brilliant period of its political and social existence. It might be regarded as the centre of Protestant Europe. Its statesmen, its navy, and its press held the first rank in the defence of free institutions and liberal opinions; and the court of the stadtholder was crowded with the most illustrious personages of the Protestant faith. Charles II., surrounded by adherents faithful to the cause of monarchy, awaited at the Hague the day when he should embark from the beach of Schevening to resume his crown. His aunt, the queen of Bohemia, resided there. The German princes and the French Huguenots who had suffered by the ambition or the intolerance of Louis XIV. gathered round the house of Orange, and the assemblies and entertainments of the head of the Dutch republic vied with the splendors of the court of France. Here, then, Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze made her entry into the world. Her beauty and her accomplishments surrounded her with adorers, to whom she gave no encouragement. She thought that "le ciel l'avait destinée à quelque chose de plus grand. Un secret présentiment de sa bonne fortune la rendit si fière." It was, however, during a temporary visit to the court of the landgrave of Hesse, with her mistress, in the winter of 1663-4, that she first met the two brothers, George William and John Frederic, of Hanover, both of whom fell passionately in love with

her. But before we proceed to relate their adventures, it is necessary to recall the peculiar position of the heirs of this divided family.

The House of Brunswick [says Mr. Kemble] itself was irremediably divided. After the ruin of the great Duke Henry the Lion, in the twelfth century, the various members of his house, though always occupying a distinguished rank among the German dynasts, still held but a secondary one. At this time they stood indeed at the head of the College of Princes, but below that of the Electors. Of the various branches into which this family was divided, two were particularly distinguished, the House of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and that of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and the latter was again divided into the lines of Zell and Calenberg [or Hanover].*

The territorial possessions of the family consisted in several distinct principalities and dignities, which enjoyed a semi-independence even when they were united under a common sovereign, and which by the general law of Germany, or by testamentary dispositions, were liable to be distributed among the junior members of the house when there were several heirs. The consequence was the disunion of the country, the rivalry of the dukes, and a perpetual effort to reunite the several provinces by intermarriages or by pecuniary family arrangements.

Of the house of Wolfenbüttel we have little here to say, for though Sophia Dorothea was betrothed to the heir of that branch of the family when she was six years old, the premature death of the young prince put an end to that contract. The house of Lüneburg was alone connected with Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze, and she played a great part in it. Duke George of Lüneburg had succeeded, by the death of his brothers without male heirs, to all the territorial possessions of that branch, but he died in 1641 leaving four sons, and he divided his dominions among them. These are the personages of the comedy. It is necessary to bear them clearly in mind.

The eldest son, Christian Louis, had the principalities of Zell, Lüneburg, and Grubenhagen, with the counties of Hoya and Diepholz. He was born in 1622 and died without children in 1665; and he does not figure in this narrative. He was in truth

* The historical introduction prefixed by the late Mr. John Mitchell Kemble to his Selection from the State Papers and Correspondence of Leibnitz and others in the Hanoverian libraries, is a succinct but masterly sketch of the perplexing relations of the ducal families, and the intricate policy of the States of northern Europe.

* The Château d'Olbreuze is near Useau, between Niort and Rochelle, then the most Protestant district in France.

the least interesting member of the family, being addicted to drink, which the electress says was his only vice. We are not sure of that. Between Christian Louis, and John Frederic (his third brother) there was a strong antipathy, which ended in a total rupture. The other two brothers, George William and Ernest Augustus, were, on the contrary, extremely attached to each other, and remained so through life, in spite of the fierce hostility of their respective wives.

The second son, George William, obtained Hanover, Calenberg, and Göttingen. He is the hero of the piece, and (eventually) the husband of Mademoiselle d'Oibreuze. He became Duke of Zell on the death of his elder brother.

The third son, John Frederic, had at first a mere appanage, but he became Duke of Hanover when George William took the duchy of Zell. He was a man of letters, a patron of Leibnitz, but he became a Catholic in 1651, to the great indignation of the family. He died in 1679 leaving no heirs.

The fourth son, Ernest Augustus, had at first no dominions, but by the Treaty of Westphalia he obtained the reversion of the Bishopric of Osnabrück, a see which was alternately occupied by a Catholic bishop and a Protestant prince, a singular compromise that continued down to the days of the late Duke of York, the last of those prince bishops. Ernest Augustus was in some respects the most important of these princes to ourselves, for he married Sophia, the daughter of the queen of Bohemia, and became the father of King George I. How this came about we have to tell, but it may be added that he succeeded as Duke of Hanover on the death of his brother John Frederic, acquired the long-coveted ninth electorate of Brunswick-Hanover in 1692, and died in 1698, leaving the dignity of electress to his widow, the statutory heiress to the crown of England.

These two young dukes, George William and Ernest Augustus, launched upon the world at an early age, were gay, somewhat dissolute, inconstant, pleasure-seeking gentlemen, utterly indifferent to the government of their dominions, in which they declined to reside, and much preferring the amusements of foreign courts, or, above all, the Carnival of Venice, to the dreary dignity of a north German duchy. Urged, however, by his subjects to marry, the Duke of Hanover, with his brother Ernest Augustus, appeared in 1656 at the court of the Elector Palatine

at Heidelberg, where he speedily offered his hand to Sophia, the sister of that prince. Sophia avows that she unhesitatingly said yes, for the marriage was the best that had been proposed to her. The elector gave his consent; and a marriage contract was drawn up and signed by the elector, the duke, and the affianced bride. Strict secrecy was to be observed as to the engagement, and the brothers continued their journey to Venice. We shall leave the electress Sophia to tell the sequel of the story.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Hanover, plunged into the dissipations of Venice, ceased to think of me, nor had his subjects come to any conclusion as to the increase of his revenue. He began to repent his promise, which bound him by word and deed to me; his letters grew colder, and he himself failed to appear at the appointed time. The Elector, my brother, was very uneasy, but pride kept me up.

The Duke of Hanover, meanwhile, perplexed how to find an honorable escape from his engagement, hit upon the expedient of proposing to his brother, Ernest Augustus, that he, as his other self, should marry me, and receive the family estates, he proposing to retain for himself only a liberal income sufficient for his private expenses. He also assured his younger brother that he would give him a paper, written and signed by his own hand, to the effect that he would never marry, but live and die a bachelor. Duke Ernest Augustus listened with pleasure to this proposition.

There were lions in the path, and the pretensions of the rival brothers had to be adjusted, but these difficulties were overcome, seeing that Ernest Augustus had already the reversion of the Bishopric of Osnabrück, that John Frederic was not likely to have heirs, and that the celibacy of George William would leave him without children. Consequently, Sophia would be mistress at Hanover, and her children would inherit all the Brunswick-Lüneburg possessions — a result which did, in fact, long afterwards occur. As for the lady, she declared: —

That a good establishment was all I cared for, and that if this was secured to me by the younger brother, the exchange would be to me a matter of indifference.

The deed of renunciation was drawn up in very odd German, and is published by the electress. After a preamble, George William pledges himself "so long as the said princess and my brother continue in life and in the bonds of matrimony, or after their decease shall leave heirs male, that I neither will nor shall on any account enter, much less carry out, any marriage

contract with any person, and wish nothing else but to spend what remains to me in life 'in cœlibatu,' etc.

The duke's promise resembles that of Benedick: "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married." But these were early days, before he had seen the irresistible Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze. Meanwhile, the ducal pair, Ernest Augustus and Sophia, were united. The two brothers were still inseparable. George William was delighted with his sister-in-law, who did the honors of his palace, and told her one day that he much regretted having given her up to his brother—a speech she cut short by pretending not to hear it. But his attentions were marked, and Sophia was ill at ease between the brothers, for she had become extremely attached to her husband. This critical state of affairs lasted for three years, when Ernest Augustus succeeded to the Bishopric of Osnabrück, and went to reside at Iburg, near that city.

But it is time to return to our heroine. In the winter of 1663-4, George William "in cœlibatu" met the Princess of Tarentum and her attending ladies at the court of the landgrave of Hesse. He at once fell in love with Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze. The more sedate John Frederic, who was likewise at Cassel, also became enamored of the enchantress, for it seems to have been the fate of all these brothers to be rivals in love. The love-letters of John Frederic have been preserved to us by M. de Beaucaire. They are not of a very passionate character; the answers of Eléonore still less so. She says, writing from the Hague:—

J'attendray que Votre Altesse Sérénissime soit mariée pour la supplier de me mettre à sa Cour auprès de Madame sa femme, comme Elle me l'a promis. Je souhaite qu'Elle me croye fille de bien, et qu'Elle soit persuadée qu'Elle ne trouvera personne qui ait plus de zèle et de fidélité que moi pour son service.

But after this humble and ceremonious appeal, comes an expressive postscript: "*On tant icy tous les jours, Monseigneur le duc Georges-Guillaume.*"

Accordingly, in December, 1664, monseigneur arrived at the Hague, not on the wings of love, but as fast as a ducal coach and six could carry him through the ruts of north Germany. He was desperately enamored of the beautiful Eléonore, who certainly was not indifferent to him. His passion was increased by jealousy of his brother, John Frederic; and inflamed by

the reserved carriage of the lady, who had hitherto preserved a blameless reputation in spite of the prevailing laxity of morals in the courts which she had lived in for several years. She was too humble to be his wife, and too proud to be his mistress, though there was scarcely a court in Europe in that age which did not supply a precedent and an excuse.* A morganatic marriage was talked of, but here again George William was embarrassed by the solemn renunciation he had signed seven years before. At last the princess of Tarentum threw her influence on the side of the duke, and on the twenty-sixth birthday of Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze a significant party was given in her honor, at which she was presented with the portrait of George William in a locket. But these were only premonitory symptoms of the alliance.

An event occurred on March 15, which interrupted these erotic passages. Christian Louis, the eldest brother, then Duke of Zell, expired. A dispute ensued in these kingdoms of the frogs and the mice between the surviving brothers. France, Sweden, and the electors of Cologne and Brandenburg mediated. A treaty of peace was signed in September, by which it was agreed that George William should take the Duchy of Zell; John Frederic, Hanover and Göttingen; and Ernest Augustus, the country of Diepholz, in addition to his bishopric.

The Duke of Zell's ardor was not cooled by his new dignity, and as the Princess of Tarentum had gone to France, leaving her ladies-in-waiting at Bois-le-Duc, it was agreed that Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze and her companion, Mademoiselle de la Mothe, should be invited to Iburg, the residence of the Bishop of Osnabrück and the princess Sophia. That was the first meeting of the two women whose lives were afterwards marked by fierce rivalry and fatal incidents—at once closely allied and bitterly hostile. But Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze was at first received with kindness. Sophia wrote: "Je la trouvais tout autre qu'on m'en avait

* It does not appear to have occurred to the Princess Sophia, who denounced the *moralities* of royal personages with so much scorn and fury, that her cousin, the Duke of York, the heir presumptive to the crown of England, had four years previously married "Mrs. Hyde," one of the maids of honor of the Princess of Orange, who, if she had lived, would have ascended the throne with James II., and in fact the daughter of this lady did ascend the throne as Queen Anne. James says of his wife, in his memoirs, "Her want of birth was made up by endowments: and her carriage afterwards became her acquired dignity"—words equally applicable to the Duchess of Zell.

parlé. Elle faisait fort la sérieuse, son air était de contenance, elle parla peu et fort agréablement; son visage était fort beau et sa taille haute. Je la trouvai fort aimable."

The duchess probably never dreamed that her brother-in-law would contract a matrimonial alliance with so humble a person, and the Duke of Zell himself said to his brother: "If she thinks I am going to marry her, she may go back to the place she came from. I shall never commit such an act of folly." But Sophia was ready enough to lend her sanction to a less regular arrangement.

The funeral of Duke Christian-Louis took place at Zell on the 11th of November, 1665. The whole Court of Osnabrück attended it, Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze travelling with the ladies-in-waiting of the Duchess Sophia. There George William made a last effort. He offered to Eléonore to execute a special instrument, which should insure a durable union between them, prove his affection, and relieve the woman whom he loved from humiliation. He promised always to live with Eléonore, to give her an honorable position at his court, and a jointure if she survived him. His brother and his sister-in-law were to sign the engagement. This instrument, by which the Bishop of Osnabrück and the Duchess Sophia pledged themselves to attest the constancy of George William, was the only assurance Eléonore obtained; but on the 12th of November (the day after the funeral!) the Duchess wrote to her brother, the Elector Palatine, "The marriage of conscience of Duke George William and the Olbreuze is public, though it has been concluded without lights or witnesses." The fact is, that no ceremony took place at all. Eléonore did not become the wife of the Duke of Zell. She received at Court the official situation of the sovereign's favorite, and the title of Madame de Harbourg, which had been borne by members of the House of Brunswick.

Mr. Kemble, who was rarely mistaken, intimates that a morganatic marriage, "sacred in the eyes of God and man," did take place between the Duke of Zell and Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze; but he was misinformed; the only bond between them was this strange *ante-nuptial* contract, as the electress Sophia is pleased to call it, which contained no promise of marriage at all, and was supposed to dispense with it. The motives of Sophia in pandering to the passion of her brother-in-law by signing such a document were obvious. She pleased him and diverted his attentions from herself to another object; and she imagined that this connection would render the birth of any legitimate offspring to dispute the inheritance of her own children still more improbable. She

did not foresee that she was inflicting an incurable wound on her own pride, and raising the woman she hated to a throne. It is curious to remark that the Scottish strength and tenacity of character which the duchess possessed above any other member of the house of Stuart, should have been opposed, in this remote German principality, to the arts and graces of a daughter of Protestant France. The conflict soon began, and lasted for the lifetime of both ladies.

Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze, or as she must now be called Madame de Harbourg, was not dissatisfied with her lot. She had got her foot on the ladder. On March 14, 1666, she wrote to her friend, M. Genébat, from Zell:—

Though it will be said that I have dispensed with standing in a church before a priest, I can feel no regret, because I am the happiest of women, and it is good faith alone that makes marriages. The Duke has plighted his troth to me before his whole family, who also signed the contract by which he binds himself to take no other wife but me, and to maintain me as a princess, with an allowance and a settlement in the event of his death. The Duke has done so much besides for me, that I am in a position to make head against my enemies were it necessary. I, however, think only of pleasing my Duke. You would like to see our home, which is the happiest in the world; your own is not to be compared with it.

A few months later (in September, 1666), Madame de Harbourg gave birth to Sophia Dorothea, her only child, whose subsequent fate cast so dark a shade over her history. The character of George William appeared to be entirely changed by the illicit union he had contracted, to the great satisfaction of his people. He continued to reside at Zell; he ceased to travel; and a very volatile prince became a very constant and tender husband. Year by year the influence of Madame de Harbourg increased, and with that influence the jealousy of the duchess Sophia. The duke served, not without distinction and success, at the head of his Hanoverian army of twelve thousand good troops, in the war which was terminated by the peace of Nimeguen.

So ten years passed away. The principal objects of the court of Zell during that period were to obtain the rank of princess for the illegitimate daughter of the house, to unite as far as possible the several principalities of the family, and, eventually, to obtain the dignity of an elector. The emperor of Germany was not insen-

sible to the military service of the Hanoverians. In 1674 he granted the title of Countess of Wilhelmsbourg to Madame de Harbours and her children. The empress sent the new countess the very inappropriate order, "der Sklavinnen der Tugend," for she had not been a slave of virtue. Sophia Dorothea was permitted to assume the title and arms of the house of Brunswick if she married a prince. And in August, 1675, a legal marriage was declared and celebrated between her parents, on the faith of the engagement given "par un effet de la Providence divine," some ten years before, which, however, contained no promise of marriage at all.

The Duchess of Zell, for she had now risen to that rank, had never forgotten that she was a Frenchwoman. The castle of Zell, an old Germanic fastness, was rebuilt in the French taste of the time by an Italian architect, and, with its four hundred windows and one hundred and eighty chambers splendidly furnished, became a miniature Versailles. The society and language of the court were almost entirely French, inasmuch that on one occasion the duke was told by one of his guests that he was the only German at table. The estate of Olbreuze in Poitou had devolved on the duchess, and she refused to part with it. When Sophia Dorothea was six years old, and her position still undetermined, French letters of naturalization were obtained for her from Louis XIV. It is evident that in the event of the death of her husband, Eléonore would have returned to France with her daughter. *Diis aliter visum est.* In the course of the war, the Duke of Zell had beaten the Swedes, who were the allies of France, and taken Stralsund from them. He had even crossed swords with a French marshal, carried Trèves, and made Créqui prisoner. But at Nimeguen George William saw the importance of obtaining the support of France if he was to retain any part of his conquests; and Louis XIV., faithful to his policy of establishing French influence at the minor German courts, authorized the negotiations which were opened between the duchess and Marshal d'Estrades, the French ambassador at the Congress. Her letters are published by M. de Beaucaire, and they prove that she played the same part that Mademoiselle de Kérouaille was playing in London to obtain for Louis XIV. the neutrality or the alliance of foreign powers. M. de Rébenac was sent as French minister to Zell, where he was received with the utmost distinction and

cordiality. Peace was signed with France, by which George William got the bailiwick of Tedinghausen and three hundred thousand crowns. Splendid presents were offered by Louis XIV. to the duchess, which drove the rival princess mad with jealousy. She was heard to say that "a ring worth a hundred pounds would have been quite enough for a young lady from Poitou." To which George William replied that "he felt more flattered by these presents from a great king to a young lady from Poitou, than he should do from the daughter of a king *in partibus*" — alluding of course to the late king of Bohemia. Rébenac wrote to his sovereign in 1679, that "the duchess had more credit than ever with her husband, and that it was to her the alliance with France was due." For some years the influence of France was paramount at Zell. The house of Brunswick had gained considerably in political importance, and all the leading powers of Europe sent ministers or agents to the ducal courts. At Versailles the representatives of the duke claimed the rank of ambassadors. In 1682 the great king addressed the following letter to the "young lady from Poitou:" —

30 Avril, 1682, à Saint Clou.

Ma Cousine, — J'ai reçu avec plaisir les assurances que vous me donnez de vos bons sentiments pour tout ce qui me regarde, et vous ne devez point douter que je ne sois toujours très aise de vous donner des marques de l'estime et de l'affection que j'ay pour vous. Priant Dieu qu'il vous ayt, ma cousine, en sa sainte et digne garde.

LOUIS.

Madame la Duchesse de Zell.

When Louis wrote this letter he was aware that his influence in Germany was declining. The occupation of Strasbourg had alarmed the German princes. William of Orange was strengthening his German alliances. In 1683, Ernest Augustus, the Duke of Hanover, signed an agreement with the emperor which was to secure the electorate to his eldest son, whenever the States of Hanover and Zell were united; and the French envoy reported that the Duke of Zell would, probably, soon follow his brother's example, and join the imperial alliance. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave a decisive blow to the alliance of France with the Protestant States of Germany. M. de Boncœur, a Frenchman and an ardent Protestant, was the agent of the Duke of Zell and his wife in Paris. He and his family were among the first victims of the persecution, and he was even thrown into

the Bastille. To the remonstrance of the duke, Louis replied that an alliance with himself was the price he set upon M. de Boncœur's freedom. We are not told by what means he eventually reached Zell as a refugee. But he remained in the service of the duchess.

This event excited the liveliest indignation at the court of Zell, and especially that of the duchess, who felt that her own family and their estates in France were in danger. French emissaries vainly endeavored to regain the good will of the house of Brunswick. They could only report that the engagements of the Duke of Zell to the Prince of Orange were strengthened, and that the duchess displayed the utmost zeal in the Protestant cause. The court of Zell continued to be French, indeed the number of its French adherents was largely increased; but it was increased by the arrival of multitudes of learned and pious men, who were driven from their native country forever by the intolerant despotism of Versailles. In no part of Germany were the Huguenot refugees more cordially received than in the Hanoverian dominions. The duchess obtained an edict inviting them to arrive, and securing to them churches in Zell and Lüneburg. The ancestors of many families which have become celebrated in our own times even at Berlin formed part of the emigration—such as the Ancillons, the Savignys, the Lamothe-Fouquets, the Malorties, and the Beaulieu-Marconnays. They brought with them the literary culture and the taste of France, and they have left their mark upon the country of their adoption. One of the consequences of the French persecution was the establishment of closer relations between the Hanoverian courts and the elector of Brandenburg and with the sovereigns of England after the accession of William and Mary.

John Frederic, who had become reigning Duke of Hanover, died in 1679. The result of his demise was that the house of Brunswick-Lüneburg was represented by two branches instead of four. Ernest Augustus, the husband of Princess Sophia, succeeded to the duchy of Hanover; his elder brother remaining Duke of Zell, the former branch being represented by a son, that of Zell by an only daughter. The marriage of these cousins would bring the several dominions of the family under one head; would augment its importance, and meet the conditions which had been attached to the future grant of the electoral dignity. Sophia Dorothea was thirteen

years old at the time of her uncle's death; George Louis was six years older. On the other hand, if Sophia Dorothea married a prince of the house of Wolfenbüttel (which had at one time been contemplated), Zell would have been more separated from Hanover than ever. These circumstances gave rise to a series of negotiations and intrigues, which lasted for several years. The only point which was never considered was the personal inclination of the parties most concerned; and it must be said that a more abominable transaction and bargain, from motives of family ambition, and meaner motives still, was never concluded. The first advance came from Zell.

"They offer Ernest Augustus 50,000 crowns a year, and 100,000 crowns ready money," Duchess Sophia wrote to her brother on the 20th of June, 1679, "if he will consent to the marriage of my eldest son with George William's daughter. My boy is repugnant to the marriage, and so are we to the alliance with the D'Olbreuze, besides that the girl has been twice legitimatized." But this repugnance is not inconsistent with compromise. "These considerations," she added, "are well worth a higher sum; what would you say to it if they made it 80,000 crowns a year?" And again Duchess Sophia wrote, on the 9th of November, "It is a bitter pill to swallow, but if it is gilt with 100,000 crowns a year, we must shut our eyes and swallow it. My six sons are growing up. Ernest Augustus is out of health, and would be glad to see them established and the succession settled, to have his mind at rest. As for me, I think the affair is very disagreeable."

The powers of Europe were appealed to. William of Orange recommended the recognition of the Duchess of Zell, which had been withheld. Louis XIV. favored the marriage, because he supposed (very erroneously) that it would bring the French influence of Zell to bear on the court of Hanover. Gourville and D'Arcy were sent to promote it, and M. de Beaucaire publishes their curious reports to the king. More than once the negotiations were on the point of rupture, for a prince of the house of Orange, Prince Henri Casimir of Nassau, had appeared in the lists; and the Duchess of Zell, who seems to have been the only person who thought of her daughter's happiness, and who had no desire to sacrifice her to the sordid schemes of her sister-in-law, would have preferred that connection. She told the French minister that she had done, and should continue to do, everything that might prevent the conclusion of the Hanoverian marriage. But she was overruled

by her husband. Never was a union brought about by more sinister designs, or more evil passions. On October 24, 1682, the conditions were settled by a large pecuniary payment to the needy Duke of Hanover; and on December 2 these unblest nuptials were celebrated at Zell, without ceremony, though Leibnitz lent his pen to write some verses in honor of the "divine beauty who had subjugated the heart of Prince George:—"—

The bride was sixteen; the prince only twenty-two. But, as was the case with the princes of those days, he had already lived almost a life. At fifteen he had taken part with his father and his uncle in the victory of Consarbruck. Since then he had lived in camps and courts. His character was strange, moody, taciturn, reserved, impenetrable even to those who knew him best; so cold that he turned everything to ice; devoid of any sentiment of kindness; ever occupied with the notion that he might be supposed to be acting from motives not his own; but, on the other hand, much attached to his public duties; tenacious and obstinate in his likes and dislikes; insensible to all amusements except the chase and the pursuit of women, and that on condition that he could change his mistresses; such was the man who united his destiny to that of the gay, lively child, born of the impetuous passion of George William and Eléonore d'Olbreuze. From the first, nothing, it seems, could surmount the antipathy of the one for her husband, and the profound contempt of the other for the woman whom his mother, the Duchess Sophia, had always taught him to consider as unworthy of his hand (pp. 123-4).

Such is the portrait traced by M. de Beaucaire of the prince who was destined to succeed to the throne of Great Britain, although at the time of his marriage there was nothing to announce his future position; and when that event occurred on the death of Queen Anne, the marriage bond was virtually broken, and the wretched Sophia Dorothea was not recognized as the queen of England, but was a prisoner for life in the gloomy castle of Ahlden. It is not our intention to relate again the well-known tale of her misfortunes, and, perhaps, of her frailty. But it must be recorded that ten months after the marriage she gave birth to a son, George Augustus, who succeeded his father as George II., and in 1687 to a daughter who became the wife of Frederic William of Prussia and the grandmother of Frederic the Great. Her life at the court of Hanover was a life of misery; disliked and despised by her husband; insulted by the women, the Platen, the Schulemburg, and the

Kielmansegge, whose names were in after times but too well known in England; persecuted by her mother-in-law; separated for the most part from her parents; scarcely allowed to see her children; and bound by the iron etiquette of a German court, so rigid in ceremony and so lax in morality, Sophia Dorothea was a solitary and wretched woman. And this life lasted for twelve years. On July 1, 1694, Count Königsmarck, a friend of her childhood, with whom she undoubtedly corresponded, and whom she frequently received, was murdered as he left the palace. The word "separation" had already been pronounced by both parties. This catastrophe rendered it inevitable. A commission of inquiry was hastily appointed to pronounce the decree, and a species of mock trial took place. Separation was what Sophia Dorothea most desired, and she did not hesitate to assent to it; but she uniformly pleaded her entire innocence, and it does not appear that any criminal act was charged or proved against her. Her sentence was a foregone conclusion, and within a few weeks she was consigned to the castle of Ahlden, where she remained in almost solitary confinement for thirty-two years, separated alike from all she loved and all she hated. She never saw her husband, her children, or her father again.*

The evidence (as far as it exists) of the culpability of Sophia Dorothea has been minutely examined by two German writers—Dr. Schaumann, in a work published in 1879, and Dr. Köcher, in the "*Historische Zeitschrift*" for 1882. These writers differ in their judgment; the former holds Sophia Dorothea to be entirely guiltless of an intrigue with Königsmarck; the latter that her conduct is open to grave suspicion. It must be observed, however, that the act of separation was not based on a charge of infidelity, but simply on the fact that the princess wished to leave Hanover, which was called "desertion." But they agree in the conclusion that the root of the whole matter lay in the invincible hatred and contempt of the electress Sophia for her daughter-in-law, and its consequences. Thus they say:—

* The proceedings taken against this unhappy princess were concealed in the deepest secrecy, and all the original papers relating to it were destroyed; but it deserves to be noted that by the care of the late Duke of Cambridge, when he administered the affairs of the kingdom of Hanover for his brothers, copies of these papers were discovered in the possession of the family of Herr von Tries, the advocate of Sophia Dorothea before the Commission. From these papers the fuller account of the transactions published by Professor Sybel in his "*Historical Review*" for 1882 was taken.

The position of the Princess Sophia Dorothea in Hanover was rendered impossible and untenable by the inexhaustible hatred and scorn cast upon her by her mother-in-law, the Electress Sophia. But this sentiment originated in the misconduct of her father, Duke George William, who had jilted the duchess, when affianced to him, made her over to his brother, and in spite of the renunciation of marriage, to which he had solemnly sworn, had given not only his heart and his hand, but his rank and position, to a woman of inferior rank, and that a marriage had been brought about for purely political motives between the daughter of this *parvenue* and the son of the haughty Electress herself. So that it may be said that the Princess Sophia Dorothea expiated the misconduct of her father, and that the hostility it had kindled between the mothers empoisoned the union of their children.

It is probable that the whole conspiracy to which Sophia Dorothea fell a victim may be traced to this source more than to any fault of her own.*

But throughout these melancholy transactions there runs a vein of comedy and romance, and one of the most singular circumstances is that Duke Antony Ulrich, of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, who was a sort of poet, thought proper to introduce the story and the misfortunes of his neighbors and kinsmen, as an episode in his romance, "The Roman Octavia," which was published by him at Nuremberg, in successive parts, between the years 1695 and 1707. The names are changed. They are very significant. The nomenclature reminds us of Mademoiselle de Scudéri. King Polemon, of Cappadocia, marries the Iberian Dynamis (Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze) to the great disgust of Mithridates, king of Pontus, in spite of a renunciation of marriage, which was to secure the succession of Cappadocia to that monarch. The Princess Solane was the daughter of this unhallowed marriage, and she weds her cousin in spite of the efforts of her mother Dynamis, and the opposition of "Adonacris" (the

electress). Some years later Königsmarck appears on the scene under the name of "Aquilus;" but while the leading historical occurrences are retained, they are embellished by numerous romantic incidents, which were the invention of Duke Antony Ulrich's brain. This novel, which was popular in its day, was the source of numerous publications in the last century, professing to relate the story of the princess of Ahlden. It became in fact mythological; and no small portion of it was due to the imagination of the author of "The Roman Octavia," who took this peculiar mode of venting his spite and jealousy on his relations. The object of Duke Antony Ulrich had been to accomplish a union between Zell and Wolfenbüttel, instead of that between Zell and Hanover, and but for the premature death of his son, that would have been accomplished.

The blow which had struck Sophia Dorothea to the earth recoiled upon her mother. As years rolled on, the influence which Eléonore, Duchess of Zell, had so long possessed over her husband was superseded by that of his brother Ernest Augustus and the electress Sophia, as we must now call her, for in 1692 the emperor had conferred the electorate on the male heirs of the house of Brunswick, in exchange for his alliance.

M. de Beaucaire suggests that the duchess had some hand in inducing William III. to recommend the settlement of the crown of England on the electress Sophia and her descendants. William visited Zell in 1688 as an old friend, and the duchess seems to have pleaded for the house of Hanover, if not for her daughter. Leibnitz wrote to her in January, 1689:—

Si les ouvertures que V. A. S. a faites en disposant le roy de la Grande Bretagne à se déclarer aussi favorablement qu'il a fait à Zell sont suivies, on aura moins sujet icy de porter envie au Prince Electoral de Bavière, déclaré, à ce qu'on dit, successeur au Roy d'Espagne. Car l'un ou l'autre des petits enfants de V. A. S. et de Msr. le Duc devront porter la couronne d'Angleterre.

This was, probably, the last political negotiation in which the duchess took part. She led a more retired life at Zell, and her chief anxiety was to visit her daughter, which no one else was allowed to do. They corresponded regularly, and books were sent for the amusement of the princess, but all traces of their correspondence have disappeared. Every attempt to obtain her release from captivity

* The story is related by Horace Walpole in the second chapter of the "Reminiscences" he wrote for the amusement of the Miss Berrys, but with some inaccuracy, although it was told by Queen Caroline to Sir Robert Walpole, as she had it from the king. It is not true that "the body of Königsmarck was discovered in 1727 under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room," and Walpole confounds the Königsmarck of Hanover with his elder brother, who caused the assassination of Mr. Thynne. But he adds that "the second George loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and purposed, as was said, had the former survived, to have brought her over and declared her queen dowager." Sophia Dorothea died seven months before her husband; had she survived him the daughter of Madame d'Olbreuze might have been recognized as the dowager queen of England, for queen of England she undoubtedly was during the reign of George I., there having been no divorce to deprive her of her rank and title.

failed, though the Prince of Wales and the queen of Prussia joined their efforts to her own. George I. was implacable to the end.

In 1703, George William, the Duke of Zell, completed his eightieth year, and in 1705 he died. Measures had been taken to secure a residence for his widow in Lüneburg, but she had always considered that her position in Hanover would be precarious if she survived her husband. Louis XIV. was asked whether she might return to France. The king replied, "If the Duchess of Zell and the Duchess of Hanover her daughter, resolved to pass into my kingdom after the death of the Duke of Zell, and to profess the Catholic religion, I shall with pleasure grant them my protection." But Eléonore had no intention of changing her religion; on the contrary, she became more and more attached to it; and the precaution was unnecessary, for she was treated with respect in her widowhood, and eventually returned to live at Zell in 1717; and in that palace which had been for forty years the scene of her greatness and her glory, she expired on February 5, 1722, surrounded by a small band of faithful attendants, but without a child or kinswoman to close her eyes. Whatever may have been the faults of her early life, there was a dignity and decorum about her court and about her later years which earned for her the respect even of her enemies. The Duchess of Orleans, who hated her all her life, wrote, "*La Duchesse de Zell a eu une belle mort. Dieu m'accorde que la mienne y ressemble! Elle peut avoir eu bien des qualités.*" But in another letter she said, "What a pity she did not die fifty years ago! That would have avoided many misfortunes."

"In spite of the inequality of her marriage, which is so unpardonable in Germany," says Saint-Simon, "her virtue and her conduct caused her to be loved and respected by the whole house of Brunswick, and by the king of England, her son-in-law, and highly regarded throughout Germany." In these our days the stern etiquette which was held to environ royal marriages has been broken through. Even in the last century, more than one English prince contracted a marriage of affection with a lady of subordinate rank; and we venture to say, that in the long line of the ancestry of the house of Brunswick, there are not many names more distinguished for beauty, talent, and desert, than that of Eléonore, Duchess of Zell.

From Temple Bar.

THE DECLINE OF GOETHE.

THAT the fame of Goethe has not maintained itself at the level at which it stood fifty years ago, is certain. Then he appeared as a wonderful phenomenon to the world; a man who had not been carried off his balance by the terrible throes of the French Revolution, who looked at things calmly, widely, and wisely. So did Carlyle paint him; and the glow of Carlyle's style was well calculated to set off one in many respects so opposite to himself.

But even Carlyle, after a time, said little about Goethe, except to regret that Goethe had written poetry. In that very Carlylian regret no one else has been found to join—not even though Goethe himself gave some countenance to it by saying that science, not poetry, would have been in his own opinion his proper and characteristic sphere. But apart from such paradoxes (which, like all paradoxes worth anything, have an infinitesimal grain of truth at the bottom) the causes which have somewhat lowered Goethe in men's eyes are not obscure. His private life had too many flaws for the English to be pleased with him; he was too little of a revolutionist for the French to be pleased with him; he was too little of a patriot for the Germans to be pleased with him. And yet there was another cause, above and beyond all these.

The second part of "Faust," which should have been, and was designed to be, the crowning work of Goethe's life, cannot be called a success, and has often been thought a failure. If a failure, it is a splendid and instructive one; it has no small share of poetry, picturesque delineation, and wisdom; it has even (what has sometimes been denied) strong intellectual unity. But the heart is not pierced and thrilled by it. Faust himself throbs with but imperfect life. We can see what Goethe was aiming at; it is worth while to understand his meaning, which is no ignoble one; but that meaning is presented to us externally and philosophically; the fire which should stir the pulses is missing. It is not so in that terrible drama, as inferior to Goethe in breadth of sympathy and genius as it is superior in tragic force, the "Doctor Faustus" of Marlowe. There, though everything is lurid with the hue of hell, it is a living man whom we are contemplating. Goethe, one may say, dived into the depths to save Faust; he showed how it might be done, but he showed it to the intellect merely. The

vital quality, which is necessary to carry conviction to the soul, is missing; one may conceive the grim Dante still standing by the portal of his Inferno, and saying, "My inscription is not yet erased:—

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

Not that Goethe actually carries Faust down to hell; but one can see that, according to all rule and precedent, he ought to have gone there. Dante would not have spared him. He is as good as there. It is from the abyss that Goethe tries to redeem him; and to the intellect he does so; but the pangs which should accompany such deliverance, and the joy of the delivered soul, are alike without proper delineation in the poem.

Let us turn to that masterpiece of literature, the first part of "Faust." There, as Coleridge long ago remarked, it is not Faust who interests us; it is Margaret. How great a sinner, what deep repentance, how true a saint! what passionate love, what tender maidenhood! how great, how tragic a fall! The powers of evil have overwhelmed her; it is as if a tempest had risen in a clear sky, so suddenly, in the midst of her innocence, does the primal stain of humanity reveal itself in her, and hurry her into guilt. And so does everything conspire against her, that not one item of her wrong-doing escapes bearing its full crop of fruit. Assured by Faust that the draught is harmless, which is to send her watchful mother into a sleep too profound to disturb their loves, she administers it; alas, what a sin! and the sleep proves the sleep which knows no awakening. Then, in what appears to be a paroxysm of real madness, or at least of unfathomable tragic despair, she drowns the child which has been born to her and her lover. Her brother, attempting to punish the tempter who has seduced the sinful pair, is slain by him and by Faust, and curses her with his dying breath. She is imprisoned, fettered, condemned to death: but these are not the worst. It is the immeasurable profundity of misery, beyond death and stronger than death, the mockery of fiends ringing in her ears, the expectation of their nearer presence and absolute victory over her, conscience not daring to say, "I am wrongly punished," nor availing to kindle the slightest spark of hope in the gloomy vistas of the future; this is her true punishment. She is the more absolutely overwhelmed by it because, after all, her heart is upright and good; sin has surprised her, but her con-

sent to it has not been deliberate, and this is speedily proved.

Faust, who in ignorance of her peril—and yet a selfish ignorance—has left her for a time, returns when he hears her miserable position. His voice at first cannot penetrate through the terrors which overcloud her brain, but at last she recognizes him. The knowledge that he loves her yet gives her strength and, in a sense, happiness; the sting of her misery is gone. But, when he entreats her to follow him and be free, she will not. He tries to carry her away, to save her in spite of herself. She forbids him imperatively. "Everything, yes everything else have I done to thy pleasure!" she cries; but in this life she knows that for her there is no redemption. "Would that I had never been born!" cries Faust in his misery; but from his last appeal she turns to the father who is above us all. "Judgment of God, to thee have I given myself over!" is her reply. Does Goethe overstep the mark when he makes the heavenly voice (in opposition to the scornful affirmation of Mephistopheles, "She is condemned," so obvious in its superficial truth) utter the saving judgment, "She is delivered"? Surely not! And when Faust has left her, and her last cry is heard by him from the distance, uttering his name, we feel that she is not calling him to herself, but to repentance and righteousness.

It is the woman, not the man, who is the centre of Goethe's memorable story. But Goethe did not design it to be so; if he had been successful, it would not have been so. And it is worth our while to try to unravel the somewhat metaphysical symbolism in which he has enwrapped his hero. Metaphysics, after all, when genuine and honest, is not valueless; it enshrouds life; it is life, so to speak, in the chrysalis state, with the potentiality of a passionate energy, latent and unexpressed.

The point of Goethe's "Faust" is that Faust is saved; now, was it mere sentiment that made Goethe diverge thus from the ancient story, in which he is damned irretrievably? or was it that he desired to defend the use of magical arts? Not so. What Faust essentially represents, both in Marlowe's drama and in Goethe's, is not magic, but self-will; but that self-will is contemplated by them very differently, by reason of the difference between the sixteenth century and the eighteenth.

Self-will had had its share, possibly, in bringing about the Reformation, certainly

in the developments of that great movement; we can see it, for instance, in such an act as Luther's marriage; but generally the Reformers had looked askance at it, and demanded, as much as the Church of Rome did, line and precedent for every act done. Any excessive display of it was looked upon with horror. The "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" is the crude, forcible expression of this horror, for, though Faustus is in other ways reprehensible, his particular badness consists in this, that he is determined to have his way at any cost, even at the cost of a compact with the devil.

But, by the time that Goethe wrote, self-will had come to the front as a virtue, at least in many very influential quarters. What St. Francis of Assisi had rejected utterly, what Calvin had anathematized (though perhaps neither of these great men were so devoid of it as they esteemed themselves to be), was by Rousseau held up as almost the foundation of morality. For the essence of the savage state, which Rousseau extolled, is of course that it is a state in which every man does that which is right in his own eyes. Now Goethe, without agreeing with Rousseau, held that self-will had its value, and that some measure of it must exist in every man with any force of character; and the object of his "Faust" is to show that, even in the extremest form of it, it is still a redeemable quality.

In Goethe, Faust has throughout (amid all his sins) a certain noble fervor. It is not from mere wantonness that he becomes a magician. He has been brought up in a system which he feels to be a mockery; he has been an industrious follower of it; the applauses of men have been liberally bestowed on him, but he is not deluded thereby. As philosopher, he has been a teacher of barren words; as practical physician, he has brought no true deliverance to men in their time of sickness. Everywhere he sees that men have been willing to believe falsehoods, and he has himself shared in this willingness and administered to it. "I have given poison to thousands," he exclaims to Wagner; "my father was an honest man, but our patients died; we were murderers while men praised us." He feels a sickening recoil from such a position; it is not happiness he desires, it is life. Convinced that this present life is a sham, he determines to escape from it; not that he desires annihilation, far from it; but he will adventure himself into the unknown. There, beyond death, there may be re-

gions of pure activity; on a chariot of fire he may be borne into the ether, and share the divine energy. True, it may not be so; it may be that hell, not heaven, awaits him, or it may be that he will pass into pure nothingness. These risks he will run; at all events he will be no longer a coward. He pours out a glass of poison, and lifts it to his lips. At that moment the church bells begin to ring, and the songs of the early Easter morning sound in his ears. "Christ is risen!" is their cry, "joy to sinful mortals, the deliverer has suffered, and has been exalted; tear yourselves from the fetters of your earthly passions, and be ye holy, for the Master is near you!" Faust listens; whether it be the habit of ancient obedience, or a new power penetrating into his inmost soul, he knows not; but something has come between him and his meditated act. He sets down the glass of poison untasted. He wills to live, after all.

But now, with his composite character, he is open to the tempter. Not for long can he be animated by pure beneficence—self is too potent in him; and, besides, a sham benevolence has become to him an object of the deepest suspicion. If not through death, then in this material life he feels the necessity of doing something which shall separate him from all his previous career. A new start he must make; but how? In the absence of clear inward impulse, chance must decide.

Now this, in the counsels of the Highest, had long been foreseen, and the passionate restlessness of Faust had been declared to be imperfect indeed, but yet a seed-ground from which noble fruits might spring. Mephistopheles, the spirit of darkness and cynical accusation, had challenged the truth of this praise, which God himself has bestowed, and has received permission to tempt Faust. He meets him now accordingly, when the crisis, which has almost brought Faust to suicide, has just passed, and when every nerve of the man is thirsting for some guiding word to show him a new way of life. It is the task of Mephistopheles to make Faust believe that the impulses of pure selfishness are the heart and meaning of life; to gratify those impulses in him, as far as they can be gratified—which is, after all, but a little way; when one is frustrated, to point out another and gratify that, too, for a moment's space, till, when the human spirit is overworn with the repetition of these delusive accomplishments (promises kept according to outward seeming, but barren to the

heart), a second and final despair may set in, from which Faust will not recover.

Here is the peril to which Faust is to be exposed; and much exists in him, which renders it only too probable that the peril will turn out to be destruction. He is never represented as pure. It is too natural to him to prefer his own pleasure, as the first mark to be aimed at; and yet, after all, his temper contains an element which Mephistopheles has not rightly reckoned upon.

As was said above, what Faust at bottom and principally desires is not happiness, but life. He looks with a certain contempt upon the gifts of Mephistopheles.

Poor devil, what canst thou give me? [he asks]. Yes, thou hast gifts to give; food that never satisfies; gold that runs out of the hand as fast as it is poured in; the love of maidens, shortly to be transferred to another; fame that vanishes like a meteor into thin air. Well, I take them all! Rest I will not have; joy I will not have; but life, action, I will have. It is not speech, it is not feeling, it is not even inward strength, which is creative; it is action. To the tumult of pain and pleasure, which accompanies all our outward doings, I devote myself! I will have the stimulus which comes from suffering, and feel all that humanity has felt or can feel! When once I say to the passing moment, Stay, thou art so beautiful, then mayst thou, Mephistopheles, put me in bonds; I shall have come to my end; life will have no more meaning for me. Whether after this I shall be thy servant or no, or whether I shall be any one's servant, I care not, and ask not.

This, in brief, is the quintessence of Faust's position. His spirit is under deep oppression, and longs for free air; and he rejects, with the extremest emphasis, all those forms of lower happiness which the world, in its ordinary course, has abundantly showered on him. They are tainted with insincerity; the impulses of his heart reach far beyond them, and it is the satisfaction of these which he needs. But there is an inconsistency in his own nature, of which he is not aware, and which Mephistopheles seizes hold of to subdue him by. The heroic part of him desires to be universal — divinely sympathetic with the highest as well as the lowest parts of nature — but Mephistopheles frankly tells him that he cannot assist him in this way. Mephistopheles, it appears, has tried his hand at being godlike. "Believe me," he says, laying his hand upon his heart, "it will not do! That is not the line at which you or I can succeed!" And when Faust, with the grand confidence of a commanding nature, says that he will accomplish

the enterprise alone, and win that crown over humanity without which life is to him not worth living, Mephistopheles, with gentle satire, reminds him of his deficiencies.

Remember what you are — a mere man, of limited capacities. Though you should put on as large a wig and as high buskins as you please, you will still remain not a hair's breadth bigger than you were at the beginning.

And Faust feels the force of the representation. A dash of cold water has been thrown over the sublime pantings of his spirit; after all, it may be the practical course to be content with something which in itself is second best. Mephistopheles, at any rate, has something real to offer him, and does offer it in fact with zeal and animation.

My good sir [says the Prince of Darkness] you really must look at things as they are! My whole repertoire is at your disposal, if you like to have it; and I can tell you that I can do something for you! Why go troubling yourself about your inner feelings? Your speculative genius is a donkey who prefers the barren heath to the green pasture. Come, let us to the world, and take what it gives us.

And Faust, conscious that there is some reality in such a representation, and only half discerning the immense gulf between his own idealities and the destructive selfishness which Mephistopheles is proposing to him — feeling that Mephistopheles, as well as himself, is a foe to that world of routine observances under which he has been suffering such deadly disgust, but not seeing that Mephistopheles is a foe to all life, noble or vile — accepts the position. The actual compact between himself and Mephistopheles has been struck, and the writing signed by Faust with his own blood, in the middle of the interview of which a brief epitome has here been given; but the explanation of the terms continues for some time longer, and apparently Faust could have withdrawn from it if he had so pleased. But he is under compulsion; a constriction is on his heart, and no way to relieve it appears except that which Mephistopheles offers. He acquiesces, though deeply agitated, in the deed which he has done.

Let us, then, at this critical point review the position, and see what it is to which Faust has set his hand. He is inconsistent; that is a cardinal fact which we must not forget; in all his feelings there is but one permanent element — the desire for freedom, to be relieved of a burden, to be up and doing in the tide of conscious life.

What that freedom is to be used for, he scarcely knows; but his deed has been clear and specific. He has accepted the services of Mephistopheles — great, far-reaching, and wonderful services — until such time as he shall say "I am content." Then his last moment on earth is to come; his contentment is to be the signal for his death; and after death — well, anything may happen that will happen. Mephistopheles may take possession of him then, if he can do so and likes to do so. Faust, on his part, will not resist.

And, now, will such a compact as this, struck and ratified by a man in obedience to the lower part of his nature, but yet under circumstances of great temptation, and through feelings that are in many respects noble, the selfish and unselfish elements being mingled together beyond all power of the man himself to distinguish them — will this compact be accounted valid to his detriment by the true rulers of the universe, the divine powers in whose bosom the fibres which nourish life are laid? Mephistopheles, on his side, assumes that the compact is eternally valid; he knows that Faust must some day give way and fall into his power; justice, he thinks, cannot deprive him of his victim. Like Shylock, he says to himself, "It is written in the bond," and his exultation knows no bounds. Faust is no common soul — a prize not to be got every day — yet so deeply ensnared, that Mephistopheles says to himself, "Even if he had not given himself over to me, his destruction was certain."

But meanwhile Faust is to have his day; and the remainder, that is the bulk of the poem, contains the career of Faust under the guidance and with the assistance of Mephistopheles, and the final struggle for his soul. That career has three great moments or guiding influences. The first is his passionate love for Margaret, seen casually as she was returning from the confession of her sins to the priest. The second is Faust's search for Helen, the famous bride of Menelaus and of Paris, the most beautiful of women, whom Faust, with the aid of Mephistopheles, twice brings up from the infernal regions, and to whom he is united in a wonderful manner. The third is Faust's entrance upon plain, practical life, the cultivation of the earth's surface, and beneficent rule over men; in which effort, nevertheless, the instinct of self still appears powerful in him, and presses him onward to a deed of passionate violence, from which — though unintentionally on

his own part — results the death of a pious aged couple and of a wayfarer who defends them bravely. These three great centres of action are introduced and varied by dialogues and scenes that take a very wide range indeed, in some of which Faust is almost forgotten, while the poet wanders from theme to theme of ancient or modern life — everywhere intermingling acute and profound observation, not, it must be admitted, always with the lightest touch. Here we have an emperor's court, with its high officials, who, in the ultimate resort, are found to lack one thing — money! To whom enter Mephistopheles, and, presto! paper money comes to their aid. When we find that the notes are essentially inconvertible, and that the ingenuity of Mephistopheles has been confined to persuading the emperor to promise pounds for every penny which he is able to pay, the father of lies may well seem to have a natural part in such an affair. But Goethe's satire doubtless had a farther mark. Here, again, is an idealist philosopher, declaring that he is the sole creator of sun, and moon, and all things — nay, of the very devil himself! — to which announcement Mephistopheles listens with a dangerous smile of assent. Then, phantasmagoric displays, kindled by diabolic art; further wandering in the realms of magic, including the creation of a real live mannikin through secret chemistry — this at the hands of Faust's servant Wagner, so familiar to readers of the first part of the poem as the type of commonplace discipleship, and even here not devoid of that character, though mixed with such wonders. And, lastly, a war between two rival emperors, brought about by the aforesaid invention and collapse of paper money, and ending in the victory (after many reverses) of the true original emperor, who, however, seems likely in the end to fall a prey to every plausible tongue which can reach his ear. Amid all this crowd of events the real episodes are very few; a thread, fine-gleaming, leads us on from one incident to another. To strike out one would, generally speaking, be to injure the connection of the whole; but to exhibit the sequence of the entire work in this place is impossible. Faust's character is the present theme; I return to the three courses of action in which it is developed.

There is a true moral sequence in these, which I have called the moments, or guiding influences, of the drama. Faust is a better man at the end of the poem than he was at the beginning. And clearly it was

Goethe's design to intimate that free vigorous action, if untainted by selfish timidity, would in the end be found to contain seeds of character that harmonized with the divine character and were capable of being elevated to the eternal sphere. Faust, when he has broken asunder the meshes of custom, is plunged at first into the most vehement passionate love, partly sensual, but not wholly so; and in this struggle, amid many grievous sins, he conducts himself so that we pity, and do not entirely condemn him. Having emerged out of this whirlpool and storm, he is attracted by beauty of a wider and more impersonal kind, the beauty rendered in artistic delineations — for this is what is symbolized by Helen — and here, too, he shows the native force of his nature, and while his new passion does not, any more than his former passion, lead to satisfaction — but, in fact, vanishes away at last and dissolves in thin air, and leaves him a second time desolate — it yet leaves him without ground for bitter self-reproach. His third attempt, that of practical rule and development of the resources of the earth, brings him much more near to the fundamental needs of men than either of the other two; he is a benefactor, which is surely what we all ought to try to be. Yet not even here is it Goethe's intention to exhibit Faust as a saint; the compact with Mephistopheles is still mingled (one may say) with his blood, even as his blood has been drawn to sign it. Resistance to his personal will calls forth his vehement indignation; the taint of selfishness appears in him, and calamity to others follows it. Not till extreme old age does any point of time occur in which this taint vanishes; then, for one moment, he feels the joy of pure beneficence, and he knows that it is the moment he has fled from and yet longed for. He cries, "I stand at last on the height of attainment; I feel beforehand that, if this continues, eternal happiness is mine." Now this is the moment which Mephistopheles, who stands by, has been waiting for; for his compact with Faust is, that, when Faust professes himself satisfied, he shall die, and Mephistopheles shall take possession of him. And, indeed, as far as this earthly life is concerned, Mephistopheles is the victor. He has foreseen the crisis approaching, has summoned the Lemures, the goddesses of the grave, to seize Faust when it actually happens; they do seize him and he dies; they lay him on the ground, and prepare to bury him. Mephistopheles, with a sneer at the man "who had wished

to hold, as an enduring possession, the emptiest and worst moment of his life" (for in this guise does the strain of beneficence appear to the diabolic spirit) stands near, ready to seize Faust's soul, when it shall seek, as it assuredly will, to ascend to heaven.

Observe, now, how curious and critical the position is. The moment when, according to the technical compact, Faust falls under the power of Mephistopheles, is the first moment when in vital truth he has escaped from that power. Which is to have the preference, the technically just plea, or the vital reality of the case? No doubt we should have had this question fully argued out if Goethe, according to his original intention, had sent Mephistopheles back to the divine presence, to claim the victory in eternity, as he had already won it in time. Goethe, however, deliberately rejected this plan; yet, whatever the objections to it, the entire absence of such argument leaves something to be desiderated. Not, of course, that there can be any doubt that the technical plea ought to be invalidated. To take a parallel case, Shylock's bond against Antonio would not have been regarded for a moment in any court in which right principles of justice were understood. But, after all, a just court would have allowed Shylock his three thousand ducats back again; the same weakness which made it possible, in the imaginary Venice of Shakespeare, that Shylock should obtain an odious and ghastly victory, had the converse effect of making the court unjustly severe on him when he was defeated. And similarly in the present case it would be interesting to know whether Mephistopheles was entitled to any payment whatever for the undoubted services he had rendered to Faust. One may say that he had actually saved Faust, while intending to damn him; for certainly Faust was in great straits when Mephistopheles first offered him alliance, and might have vanished in the abyss of despair, if a helping hand had not been offered him, even with wicked intent. So that it really seems as if, in this case, the devil did not get his due; an intricate question indeed!

Apart, however, from the technical plea, it has to be settled whether Faust's soul has that quality of enduring worth which will avail to raise it to heaven. Was his final ejaculation a mere flash in the pan, or a true germ of holiness? The angels, in the hope (which proves well grounded) that the saving alternative is the just one, descend to conflict with the

powers of evil, Mephistopheles at their head. We may smile at some of the weapons employed, as for instance when the angels shower down rose-leaves, whose sweetness proves an unmitigated offence to the diabolic nerves; but the contest is in itself a rightly timed and necessary one, and we may rejoice at and assent to Faust's deliverance, grounded as it is on the profound truth enunciated by the angels, that "whoso strives ever and gives himself to labor, him can we redeem." The final songs of triumph are very tender and deep, as are the lyrics throughout the poem.

Those who follow the account here given will, I think, be convinced that the whole of Goethe's "Faust," the first and second parts being taken together, has a worthy intention, a large scope, a direct application to the great trials and purposes of human life. Indeed, in the breadth of its humanity it is so far ahead of the original and merely magical story out of which it was evolved, that any comparison between them is absurd.

But yet it cannot be denied that the second part of Goethe's "Faust" has real and great defects; and it will be no disservice to the poem to point out how these enter into it, for it is by these that the world has been deterred from giving a cordial acceptance to the poem in its entirety.

In the first place, the paraphernalia, so to speak — the external adornments of the poem — are far too numerous. As has been already remarked, these do not for the most part come in by way of episode; they carry the plot on; but the elaboration of detail lavished on them is so excessive as to bury the true thread of the story from all but the most careful attention. This is the case, for instance, with the court masquerade, the description of which takes up such an incredible number of lines in the first act; and with the still longer, though lively, assemblage of classical antiquities which goes by the name of the Classical Walpurgis Night. These two scenes together occupy nearly a third of the whole second part. The touch of a master of experience is indeed exhibited throughout in terse, keen expressions; but there may be too many even of such. Never was there a clearer example of the proverb, that one may be unable to see the wood for the trees.

But a still more serious blemish is the imperfect presentation, in its detailed elements, of Faust's own character. He changes, as I have said, and changes from

the worse to the better; but it is change, not development. The past is not absorbed into the present and future of the man, but simply passes away. There is one exception, and it is an important one; it is not to be denied that the influence of Margaret does reach out of the supernatural sphere to Faust (at the beginning of the fourth act), and that she is his guide at last to the heavenly regions. But, speaking generally, the past is treated as a worn-out glove that may be thrown away and left to perish. Reflect upon the extraordinary tragedy, in which the first part of the poem ends. The deaths of a whole family, mother, son, and daughter, lie at Faust's door; true, he had not wished their overthrow; but he had caused it. Is it really the case, that the pain and remorse which a man must suffer after being implicated in such deeds, are simply a hindrance to him, and ought to be dismissed from his mind as quickly as may be? Are there no lessons to be drawn from the pain? no reparation suggested by it? no tender memories wrapped up in it, and inseparable from it? Surely there are such, and they do serve educationally, moulding those parts of a man's nature which escape the deliberate glance of the intellect. But Goethe had settled in his own life that remorse for the past was an enfeebling influence, and he abridged as much as possible all such feeling on the part of his hero. He allows that Faust did suffer remorse for a time; but he will not describe it, or let it appear directly; he sends philanthropic elves to take it away (singing exquisite songs the while), pouring the waves of Lethe over the brain of Faust, that he may be happy and active again. But it is far from true that the pains of repentance are either wholly unsalutary or wholly displeasing to read about; witness the expressions of Margaret's agony in the first part of the poem, so touching, so penetrating! Faust had been at least as great a sinner; and Goethe ought not to have treated him more tenderly than he had treated Margaret. No doubt the exact way in which an experienced man of the world will exhibit repentance is not the way in which an unsophisticated maiden will show it, but he ought to show it in his own way.

Of course, if there were any suggestion that the agency of Mephistopheles hurried Faust away from those thoughts and sorrows which by rights belonged to him, the criticism here made would be answered, but it is only too obvious that this is not the case. It is not Mephistopheles

who pours the flood of Lethe upon him, but the elves who are emblems of beneficence; nor is there any reversal of their action at any stage of the poem.

The result is a certain bareness in Faust's character throughout the second part; there is a dislocation as he passes from step to step of his career. For, as he forgets Margaret when pursuing Helen of Troy, so he forgets both Margaret and Helen when engaged in his large schemes of government and cultivation of the earth. He does not, in the sum of the whole, stand before us in the clear, unique way in which Hamlet and Macbeth stand before us. A certain impression of a strong, sagacious man is made upon us; a man, in his later years, of strong powers of self-restraint. The lines are indeed noble in which, in the fourth act, he replies to Mephistopheles, who has told him that the emperor was set upon combining government with enjoyment.

A gross error [cries Faust]; he who would command must find blessedness in the act of commanding; his breast must be full of high will, yet what he wills no man must fathom; scarce has he whispered it to his faithful ones, when, lo! it is done, and the whole world is astounded at it. So will he ever be highest and worthiest of all. But, as for enjoyment, it debases him.

The history of Germany, some thirty or forty years after these words were written, gave the most forcible of commentaries upon them in those great victories from which the union of that country followed under the sceptre of an emperor, very different from that feeble creature who is depicted in the second part of "Faust." Goethe has good right to say that he had done great service to the Germans in rendering them practical.

(I must own that the raising of Faust, this strong, practical hero, to heaven, has sometimes reminded me of that unintentionally comic picture by Rubens in the Louvre, in which the gallant King Henry IV., so spirited and yet so earthly, is with difficulty pulled up to heaven by an angel and a heathen goddess combined!)

One more criticism remains to be made on the second part of "Faust." When the reader for the first time ascertains that Faust is really and seriously pursuing Helen of Troy, not as a kind of magical marvel, in which light this incident appears in the old plays, but as a reasonable act in a reasonable career, a kind of bewilderment takes hold upon him. What can it mean? Is the second part of "Faust" a totally distinct play from the first part? Is

the Faust another Faust? And how can a magical union of this kind enter into a real life, however poetically imagined? Now, to these questions an answer is given when it is discovered that the search after Helen is a symbolical act. Faust does not woo Helen as he had wooed Margaret. Helen is the symbol of the beautiful in the universe; Faust unspeakably desires to realize and express this; and he succeeds, but only to find that even here the essence of life is *not*. He has to seek deeper and deeper still; and the true root of it is found at last in the heavenly regions. But one must ask, Is not this introduction of the pure symbolical into a drama which professes to be in the main a display of real incident, somewhat disturbing to a reader, however little captiously inclined? Does it not jar on one a little? Few will answer this question entirely in the negative; however well accustomed one may be to the play as a whole, this element will still seem out of place. Yet we must feel the majesty of style, wherever Helen is personally introduced; and, if the underlying supposition were once considered legitimate, there is a rare exquisiteness of imagination in this part of the poem.

And now a few remarks in conclusion. A light-minded reader may possibly just compass the first part of "Faust;" but he must assuredly be told to give the second part a very wide berth indeed. But he who wishes to understand the revolutionary epoch in which it was written (one of the most important in the world's history) will find the whole poem instructive in the very highest degree. The vehement resentment against the despotisms of the past, the personal passion, the fervid humanitarianism, of the revolution, are all represented in some part or other of Faust's career; complex characters such as Rousseau and Shelley have their counterpart in it. With all this, there is a steady determination on Goethe's part to show that the new principles are not really antagonistic to the old; that Christianity, from an inner sphere of light, radiates upon the most deeply agitating movements of modern society. Whatever confusion there may be in Goethe's method, whatever weaknesses in his character, he certainly lays a firm grasp on every kind of problem which the modern intellect has set before itself, and looks at the world with a clear and (whatever may have been said) by no means a hard or an unloving eye. Many things have necessarily been left unsaid in an article like the present, which has been devoted, not to the entire

contents of the poem, but to its kernel alone. A volume might be taken up with describing all its touching scenes, philosophic observations, lyrical outbursts! But, if what has here been written leads one person more to study the greatest work of one of the greatest writers of this or any century, it will not have been written in vain.

J. R. MOZLEY.

From Longman's Magazine.
HOSTS AND GUESTS.

AMONG the pleasures of life a very high place must be assigned to giving and receiving hospitality, to sharing as hosts with sympathetic friends the ampler means which we may possess, to contributing as guests social qualities, good spirits, bright conversation, and the charms of song, which add the feast of reason and the flow of soul to the grosser materials of social gatherings.

But as in all pleasures there must be discrimination between higher and lower, between the ephemeral and the lasting, it may be worth while to analyze the forms to be observed, the risks to be avoided, as host or as guest. The commonplace phrase "entertaining company" has a real meaning. The first point is to avoid boring or being bored. If we collect a party at dinner, for the brief time of two or three hours, we are bound, as hosts, to make such a selection of guests that they will amuse each other and ourselves; we are bound, as guests, to contribute to the utmost of our ability to the general amusement.

Much more important are these considerations in the case of a party invited to pass some time in a country house; and how much more difficult are they to accomplish!

In feudal times the hospitality of the rich and the great, from the sovereign down to the smallest baron, exceeded anything which in the present time we can easily form a notion of. Westminster Hall was the dining-room of William Rufus, and might sometimes perhaps be not too large for his company. It was reckoned a piece of magnificence in Thomas Becket, that he strewed the floor of his hall with clean hay, or rushes in the season, in order that the knights and squires who could not get seats might not spoil their fine clothes when they sat down on the floor to eat their dinner. The great Earl of Warwick is said to have enter-

tained every day, at his manors, thirty thousand people; and though the number may have been exaggerated, it must have been very great to admit of such exaggeration. "A hospitality nearly of the same kind was exercised not many years ago in many different parts of the Highlands of Scotland," writes Adam Smith in the last century.

The hospitality of the present day cannot be contemptible when, on the occasion of a royal jubilee or a golden wedding, many thousands are invited and feasted, when relations, friends, neighbors, dependents have their due share of the good things and good feelings of hosts.

The characteristic of the present day is the great variety of entertainment. There are hunting, shooting, fishing guests; cricket meetings, lawn-tennis gatherings, musical meetings, garden parties, breakfasts, luncheons, teas, dinners, dances, drums, amateur theatricals, each and all requiring preparations of the most elaborate kind by the intending hosts, and the subordinates who carry out the details, from the sending out of the invitations to the welcoming, the entertaining, and the speeding the guests.

To men and women of cultivated tastes and refined habits, whose lives are in great part spent in towns, the stay at a great country place, the home for generations of birth and breeding, has an inexpressible charm. The exquisite gardens, the conservatories, the rare shrubs, the ancestral trees, the deer park, the elastic turf-drives so picturesque and varied, the taking exercise in agreeable society and exhilarating air, are all fresh sources of pleasure. Within doors are well-warmed, well-lighted suites of drawing-rooms; a library where both light and standard literature are found, where the newest books of reference may be consulted and the oldest have their place on the shelves; the picture-gallery with historical portraits, as well as specimens of Italian, Spanish, or Dutch masters; the spacious dining-room, where there is no crowding of chairs; the fine plate, the Dresden china, the lovely flowers and foliage plants, the varied breakfast dishes and scones, the ample lunch and the dainty dinner, with the perfectly trained staff of domestics. What a delightful contrast to small rooms, inferior cooks, and clumsy servants! Nor must we omit, among the out-of-doors objects of interest, the model farm, with pedigree shorthorns and "dexter kerries," the dairy fitted up with Dutch tiles, the cream from a "separator," the fairy pats

of butter, so unlike margarine mixture and sky-blue milk. The stables, full of high-spirited, well-mannered horses for draft or saddle, the carriages of every size and form, not excluding a sledge. All these appurtenances of a fully equipped country house form an exhibition of their own. But the chief attraction must always be the gracious and thoughtful hostess, who has a smile for every one, an instinctive perception of wants and wishes, an indefatigable power of putting guests on good terms with themselves, and a store of vivacity to light up dull pauses and turn aside dangerous allusions. She must conceal her disappointment when the guest who was to be the life and soul of the gathering cannot keep his promise to come, when the weather spoils the garden party or the picnic, when the ladies are all cross because the men are away with gun or rod or hounds; or, most trying of all, when the private theatricals, from which so much was expected, are wrecked by green-room squabbles.

"It is desirable," writes Sir Henry Taylor, "that what the rich and great expend on enjoyment should really contribute to enjoyment; in libraries, and works of art, pictures, sculpture and engravings, a rich house cannot be too rich, and the house of an educated gentleman should no more be without the works of Michael Angelo or Raphael, in one form or another, than without the works of Shakespeare and Milton." We add that to have guests and friends who appreciate art and books must add greatly to enjoyment. Sir Henry Taylor bears witness to the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy, but speaks of fashionable society when compared with aristocratic society as characterized by some inferiority of tone, even in its higher walks; in its lower, it can hardly be called anything else than vulgar.

In these days of easy access to distant counties, it often happens that guests who fit perfectly into one circle offer themselves to another, just when they are somewhat out of place, only because, on their way to or from Scotland or the Land's End, it is convenient to group their visits. In such cases guests are bound to make themselves doubly agreeable, and to submit to a smaller share of the good things provided than if they had been especially asked. "Only once during all these visits have I been taken in to dinner by a gentleman" is the frequent plaint of a girl who, after all, was self-invited.

"What can I find to amuse me in this

gathering?" says an elderly guest; "only boys and girls who talk and think of lawn tennis and the winner of the tournament."

"Yes, I did get my rubber; but my partner never answered my signals, and, but for his always holding honors, I should," etc.

"Pony!" said a little girl, a guest; "you call that a nice pony? I call it grovelling!"

"Luncheon over!" says a man who would start at twelve for a three hours' walk. "Oh, let me have a glass of beer and some bread and cheese."

"Very sorry, sir," says footman, "but the butler has the key, and he is out."

"What a beastly house!" the hostess just contrives to hear.

But grumbling or ungrateful guests either mend their manners or cease to be guests. The education of life is always going on in some form, with its rewards and penalties, and other people's houses and ways teach self-control and self-denial.

One of the difficulties to be adjusted is that of temperature. We know Mrs. Carlyle's sufferings from unlighted fires and hard-hearted housemaids at a great house. We know instances of conjugal happiness being destroyed, not by incompatibility of temper, but of temperature. We know, too, the languor that steals over the most brilliant company when the supply of oxygen is exhausted.

As there are some houses where artificial light is required all the year round, there are many which require artificial heat all the year round; but not the heat of pipes, water, or air, but of a brisk wood fire, which ventilates as well as warms. Hot-water pipes not only do not ventilate, they distribute bad air, and too often, in connection with the other pipes, they distribute the germs of fever. Fixed baths and fixed washing-stands should never be placed in bedrooms; and, other considerations apart, a guest on hand with typhoid fever, even if caught at the preceding visit, is undesirable.

A virtue not to be lost sight of by hosts or guests is punctuality. Let all the hours of meals or meetings, of starting by carriage or train, for pleasure or business, be known beforehand and be adhered to. A very slight effort is required to do this, and a very great advantage is obtained. It is easy to adjust our movements to punctuality; it is impossible for the many persons who depend on fixed hours to adjust the service we ask from them to capricious or reckless unpunctuality.

An important change has taken place,

within our memory, in the length of time visitors are expected to stay, and an invitation for three or four days is much more common than one for three or four weeks. The old habit of spending a month in another man's house is now obsolete, except perhaps in the case of some very old bachelor friend of the family.

The duration of visits must remain a delicate point, best met by the host fixing it when issuing the invitation. Extreme intimacy or an unforeseen emergency may warrant a guest's saying, "Will you let me stay another day, or a few days?" but rarely should this request be made. Vague invitations are a mistake on the part of hosts; they often cause embarrassment on one side and mortification on the other. These invitations may be well-meaning, but certainly are weak-minded. A vast amount of grumbling would be avoided if all invitations were for a definite time. It often happens that a vague invitation, or some friendly remark not really intended for an invitation, is thrown out; weeks and months elapse; the careless words are forgotten on one side, but carefully remembered on the other; the would-be guests recall them; the reluctant hosts feel annoyed at "So-and-so" offering a visit, perhaps at an inconvenient time; and the end of it is that neither host nor guest enjoys the few days spent together; the host has been to blame rather than the guest.

Among the incidents of country-house life which sometimes embarrass guests are the gratuities to servants; there can hardly be a tariff for tips, and the purse of the giver has to be considered as well as the services of the recipient. A modest gratuity to the groom of the chambers, where that functionary is part of the household—to the footman in small houses—is due from every gentleman. The keeper expects a "fee," and murmurs and bears in mind if those who have gold to give dole him out silver. But a gentleman will always feel it unbecoming to obtain by sheer bribery the best place in a large battue, or, indeed, to offer a bribe on any occasion.

A helpful housemaid or tire-woman will deserve her tip; but ladies must bear in mind that "maids" do not offer their services to their mistresses' guests, and ladies who travel without their own maids should not expect or require much help, either in dressing or packing, or brushing muddy skirts.

It must be borne in mind by all parties that servants are in the receipt of suitable

wages, and, when engaged, are not told that their wages are to be enhanced by a system of tips.

Between the railway station and the hospitable mansion there is a space of greater or less ground to be traversed by fly or omnibus and not all hosts have it in their power or inclination to fetch their guests. It is well to know beforehand what the arrangements are to be, and some hosts add a notice on the subject: "Carriages to be had, on such and such terms, by writing to innkeeper or station-master, distance so-and-so." As guests may bring servants and must bring luggage, the conveyance of their impedimenta is of supreme importance. "I can easily walk," says an active woman; "my boxes, maid, and man can't."

For boxes there must be, of all sorts and sizes. In paying visits, the standard of dress in the most sumptuous house and in the most simple has to be consulted, and several kinds of dress brought. The maid must bring her more modest portmanteau; and the man, knowing that at some houses it is expected that guests bring their own blacking and shoe-brushes, has an extra box containing these. In old days it was the custom to have a *fourgon* for servants and luggage, and nowadays an omnibus or series of flies must be ordered in advance if the party is a large one, or if the requirements of a small party are large.

In France the host and hostess think themselves bound not to lose sight of their guests after the late breakfast at which they meet. This is an irksome arrangement for all parties. In this island the liberty of the subject prevails, and there is a tacit understanding that, after our earlier breakfast, every one can do as he pleases—read, walk, or work—the hosts counting on some leisure for their own duties or occupations. The afternoon is the time for drives or long walks. Unfortunately, in some houses, a late luncheon-hour curtails the afternoon, and this in the winter months, the very months when most country-house parties take place. One of the most brilliant of hosts used to start so late for the Sunday afternoon walk, that he always said, "We ought to be armed with lanterns."

The question of hours is not an easy one to adjust. Very late dinners, the fashion of the day, carry with them sitting up late, getting up late, and crowding breakfast and luncheon into close proximity, and entail difficulties and perplexities in the household as well as wasteful-

ness; but the curfew is out of date, and so is the adage:—

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

It is not within my province to penetrate the mysteries of the smoking-room, but the habit of adjourning there after the ladies have retired is universal. It takes the place of the after-dinner sittings of our ancestors. The liveliest sallies, the most piquant stories, are said to be reserved for that symposium. There is a distinctive garb, the embroidered smoking gown and cap, not less elaborate than the tea gown of the weaker sex, though the beverage is said to be—no doubt a calumny—brandy and soda-water.

One of the most useful and agreeable qualifications for the social intercourse which is the *raison d'être* of a great part of country-house life is a power of conversation—of polished conversation, be it remembered, not mere tittle-tattle, not inelegant extracts from the day's newspaper, not crude or careless utterances as to things in general from our own point of view, not ill-directed allusions to births, deaths, and marriages. It is usual to sneer at a knowledge of the contents of the "Peerage" or the "Landed Gentry," but it would be well to learn the ramifications of the pedigree of our hosts or guests, so as to run no risk of allusions which give offence, or of awarding the wrong precedence. I am so conscious of my own want of authority to deal with conversation, that I shall borrow the words of the master mind on that subject—Lord Chesterfield—"Imitate with discernment and judgment the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; talk often, but never long; tell stories seldom, and absolutely never but when they are very apt and very short; take rather than give the tone of the company you are in; avoid as much as you can argumentative conversations; above all things and upon all occasions avoid speaking of yourself. Form yourself with regard to others upon what pleases you in them; avoid loud laughter and those tricks of fingers or feet which are the result of ill-bred shyness. Bear in mind that vulgar and ill-chosen words will deform the best thoughts; seek for the best words and think of the best terms. Never yield to the temptation of exposing other people's inaccuracies or defending your own."

After being told what is not conversation, the ingenuous youth of either sex may well ask what is so; the answer is

somewhat vague: cultivate your mind and your memory, wait in patience for the opportunity of showing that you too are familiar with the subject discussed, that you can add a detail, verify a quotation, or remove a doubt. Never omit to show courtesy to silent or neglected guests; you can thus lessen their isolation, relieve the cares of your hostess, and in doing so exercise your own conversational gifts. The graces and gifts of conversation are a tempting subject to dwell on; but in these remarks we attempt to deal rather with the relations of hosts and guests, and to those we will now revert.

Besides the hospitality of country houses are other modes and forms not less befitting to hosts or welcome to guests. There are yachts which give balmy sleep and renewed appetite, not only to their owners, but to successive friends who on land have lost the power to sleep or eat. There are club trains to the sunny South, by which may travel not only the millionaire but his college friend, whose waning power of work is renewed or stimulated by the holiday his own slender purse could not afford. There is the rich old London bachelor who invites his country friends in the season to be his guests at an hotel; he suggests the exhibitions they shall visit in the morning, the theatres they shall go to in an evening—always as his guests—and, if health and tastes permit, he accompanies or escorts them. The imagination and the means of a rich man or woman can find plenty of ways of adding to their own enjoyment that of being host or hostess, and, in passing from the position of host to guest, will find something to alter, to copy, or to modify.

There is a modest hospitality as well as a munificent one. The small vicarage, the seaside villa, with its two or three or even one spare room, can offer fresh air and friendly if homely up-putting hospitality, with little luxury and no ostentation. So can the small town house, where the temporary absence of a son or daughter makes a spare room, and the country cousin is asked up to see the park and the pictures, to attend a Monday Pop, to lay in a store of new ideas and topics for rustic consumption—and between the very great and the very modest forms of welcome there are many intermediate gradations.

The best guest is the one who conforms with the least apparent effort to the ways of the house; and this faculty is for most people only to be acquired by a long course of visits and a varied experience of what may be called the vicissitudes of country-

house life. The perfect guest should demean himself as if the hours and arrangements of the house where he finds himself were those of his own choice, and not a hint that he was better off where he stayed last. It is sometimes said that men make more comfortable guests than women. They certainly are more ready to take what may be going on. They do not require breakfast in bed, or the services of the housemaid to the exclusion of her other duties. They are less prone to repeat in one house the domestic gossip which they heard in another, or to make comparisons of the merits of their hospitable friends.

We reserve for the last some allusion to the difficulties of the selection of guests. Only to the very largest garden party is it possible to invite all our acquaintances; there are inevitable limitations to all other entertainments. It requires great skill so to select from acquaintances and neighbors as to avoid giving offence and creating jealousy; and it needs real good sense and good temper to submit with grace to being left out or to being invited to the less exclusive circle. How much bitterness is created by want of care in making out lists for invitations by asking people who are dead, or who have never been born, by omitting the name of some one who had a just claim to remembrance, is only known when it is too late to avoid the fault. It is a pleasure to record one conspicuous instance of thought and courtesy by a great lady. She had carefully gone over the old list of guests when about to issue invitations for the first party she was to receive as hostess; she then asked an old *habitué* of that brilliant house to look over the names and to tell her if any one was left out of the old friends of her father-in-law.

Life in the country houses of Scotland, especially in those months which have been happily called "the holidays of the Highlands," has a peculiar charm scarcely to be met with south of the Tweed. There is a greater freedom in the air; a pleasant absence of conventionality. The visits paid are usually longer; the field-sports are more varied and exhilarating; the scenery is more impressive than the gloom of an English park; the incidents of the day are more exciting. It is not my intention to intermingle any personal reminiscences with these few remarks on the hospitalities of our friends and our neighbors, and it would be invidious to refer to

those of the present day. But, as long as memory lasts, who that witnessed them in the last generation can forget the exquisite refinements of Keir, the unflagging gaiety of Brahan, the widely watered shores of distant Skibo, the statelier circles of Dunrobin, Inverary, or Minard, and the cheerful houses of Teviotdale? Time and death have swept most of their genial hosts away, to be succeeded, no doubt, by another generation of not less courteous hosts and happy guests, whom the modern facilities of travel pour into Scotland every autumn in increasing numbers—sometimes, it must be confessed, in embarrassing numbers, for the Scotch hospitality has not unfrequently to provide for self-invited visitors to an extent not common elsewhere.

As we move southwards the forms of reception become somewhat more rigid. Set parties are made and invited beforehand. The duration of the visit is fixed and is short. And as we approach the metropolis, which is the centre of English social life, the tone of society, even in country houses, is influenced by the statesmen, the politicians, the lawyers, the artists, and the men of letters, who belong not so much to the country as to London. Such, for many years, under Lord Shelburne and his more distinguished son, the third Marquis of Lansdowne, were pre-eminently Bowood, and Petworth under Lord Egremont, the resort alike of all that was best and most brilliant in letters, in the arts, and in statesmanship. To Cashiobury and the Grove, Lord Essex and Lord Clarendon drew a stream of London visitors, interspersed with a lively foreign element. Even Holland House was almost a country mansion in Kensington and Strawberry Hill at Twickenham.

Nor must we forget the great lawyers of the past, Lord Wensleydale, Lord Kingsdown, and Lord Westbury, who gathered round them at Amptill, Torryhill, and Hinton, a cheerful circle to sweep away the cobwebs of Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn. These are names which will be recorded in the social memoirs of the times, and will be read by another generation, curious of the country life of their ancestors as we are of the contemporaries of Horace Walpole.

But we are trenching on reminiscences which would be out of place here, and which can only be among the pleasures of memory. CHRISTINE G. J. RELVE.

From The Spectator.
SHIP-CANALS.

A RECENT issue of the "Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers," noticed in the *New York Nation*, contains a remarkable collection of facts in connection with the spread of projects for the formation of ship-canal. The statistics there set forth show how very seriously the notion of inland navigation has been taken up by the engineers, and how great is the likelihood that the next generation may see a return to water-transport, though water-transport of a kind very different from that made use of by our grandfathers. Their idea of a canal was a narrow, shallow water-road on which could be floated small barges drawn by horses from the banks. Ours is a deep highway along which the largest ships can continue their ocean voyages,—arms of the sea, though stretching far inland among the villages and fields. The earlier form of canal required a transference of cargo when the goods were destined to be sea-borne, just as do the railways. The later has the immense advantage that it enables New Orleans to send its cotton to Manchester without bulk being broken till the factory doors are reached. The fact that the only means of intercommunication between distant countries is the sea, makes ocean-transport a matter of necessity. But the ship-canal brings the sea wherever commerce wants it to be brought. Hence they offer advantages for all heavy goods which no railways can ever possess.

The schemes which are now either in actual preparation or else in contemplation, are of two kinds,—first, those mentioned above for turning inland cities into seaports; and next, those for making ocean short-cuts behind the backs of peninsulas and angles of land. Of the first kind, the Manchester Ship Canal is the most important; but of this little need be said, since the details of its progress are already well known, and its completion is a matter of two years at the most. If it fulfils the expectations of its promoters, we shall doubtless see a great many more undertakings of the same kind attempted in England. Birmingham is pining for an outlet to the sea which would enable the metal work, the earthenware, and the other manufactures of the Midlands to be placed directly on board the ships that are to convey them to every quarter of the globe. This outlet she could doubtless obtain either by way of Bristol or by the Trent, or, indeed, by both; and though the existing schemes are only for vessels of

two hundred tons, it is probable that if they are ever carried out, bolder proposals as regards size and depth will ultimately be adopted. In the same way, Sheffield looks forward to some day connecting herself by a water-way with the Port of Goole. That English cities possessing a large amount of foreign trade would be specially likely to gain by these undertakings, cannot for a moment be doubted. Since England is an island, all merchandise coming from or going abroad must be sea-borne. Hence it is of peculiar importance to her inland centres of commerce to adopt a means of transport which will only necessitate one act of embarkment and one of disembarkment. As it is, Birmingham goods consigned to the Cape must be put on board a railway truck, taken to a port, there unloaded and put on to a ship, and then unshipped in Africa. Had she a ship-canal, the goods need not be touched after they leave the quay at Birmingham till they reach their destination in South Africa. And even in cases where foreign trade might possibly be conducted almost entirely by land, ship-canal are wanted. It is, of course, conceivable that the railway system of the world might be completed in the next thirty years, and that the lines might run almost continuously round the earth; but the cost of that mode of transport would still remain prohibitory.

But though the commercial results obtained by means of canals of this kind may be of superlative importance, the schemes for shortening the ocean routes are far more striking to the imagination. Of these there at present an enormous crop. Many of them are doubtless destined to remain mere dreams. A certain number, however, are almost certain to be undertaken, while one or two are at this moment in course of construction. Some three or four of the many plans discussed in the paper by the American engineer to which we have alluded, are especially interesting to English people. It is proposed, for instance, to cut a canal between Galway and Dublin, running right across Ireland. This would shorten by many hours the journey from New York to ports on the Irish Sea, and if, as is further suggested, there were a canal between Newcastle-on-Tyne and the Solway Firth, the length of the route between the North American coast cities and the ports of Germany, Holland, and Belgium would be greatly curtailed. In all probability, however, it would be better to turn the existing canal between the Clyde and the Forth into a highway for ships,—a matter of

no great difficulty according to the experts, and not likely to cost more than two millions sterling. The advantages of the scheme need hardly be set forth. In the first place, Glasgow would be a port on the German Ocean as well as on the Atlantic, — the canal will only be thirty-five miles long. Then, ships sailing between America and the Baltic and German ports would find the canal a far quicker route than the circumvention of Scotland or England. Lastly, the Admiralty would be able in an emergency to help a fleet on the west coast by sending reinforcements through the canal from our squadron on the east. For instance, suppose that while we were attempting to blockade a French fleet at Cherbourg, six or seven of their fast ironclads escaped, and steamed off to attack either Dublin or Liverpool, it was not known which. Our forces would immediately have to be concentrated in the Irish Sea, and help sent from the fleets guarding Newcastle and Edinburgh. But if the reinforcements had to steam some five hundred miles round Scotland, aid might come too late. In this way the Forth and Clyde Canal, which could be easily passed by war-ships in a few hours, might prove of great advantage to the nation. Another of the plans for making short-cuts through England is that for connecting Bridgewater Bay with the English Channel by a canal through Somerset and Dorset. The canal, it is said, would get all the steam-coal traffic between Cardiff and London, and could in that way be made a profitable concern. Certainly it would save the Welsh colliers some three hundred miles of steaming.

Far less shadowy than these is the Holstein Canal, which is actually in course of construction, and which when made will join the Baltic and North Seas, making Denmark and part of Schleswig-Holstein an island. The canal is planned on a magnificent scale. It is to be sixty miles long, and the water is to have the same level as the Baltic. The depth will be twenty-eight feet, and the bottom-width eighty-five feet, — dimensions which will enable it to accommodate double the tonnage now accommodated by the Suez Canal. How great will be the importance of this work, both commercially and politically, may be estimated from two facts. It will render it unnecessary any longer to take the dangerous passage round Denmark, a route responsible each year for the destruction of two hundred sailing-ships; while to Germany it will give the key of the Baltic, and will bestow on her

something like the position which would be held by Egypt as regards the Suez Canal, were Egypt a power of the first rank. The Holstein Canal, too, will almost double the efficiency and fighting-power of the German fleet. While Russian ironclads will be laboring through the Sound, their German antagonists will be able to find a secure and rapid road through the territory of the Fatherland. Curiously enough, Prussia's great rival has it in her power, if she chooses, to make a ship-canal which would enable her to combine her Atlantic and Mediterranean fleets much in the same way. Some two hundred years ago, Colbert, with the insight of true genius, ordered the construction of the famous Languedoc Canal, or, as it is picturesquely and accurately called, the "Canal of the Two Seas." This great work connects the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean partly by utilizing the valley of the Garonne, and partly by an artificial cutting. A project is now on foot for making it large enough and deep enough to accommodate ocean shipping. If this is done, ships trading between the north and the Mediterranean will be able to save the time now spent in the voyage of seven hundred miles round Spain and Portugal; while France will be able to render the blockade of her ports almost an impossibility. While the enemy were making their dispositions for blockading the mouth of the Garonne; the French fleet would be quietly steaming towards Toulouse, and before the attacking squadron had properly settled down to their work, would have joined the Mediterranean squadron at Narbonne.

Did space allow, we would gladly enumerate more of the fascinating projects on foot for saving ships the trouble of rounding storm-beaten peninsulas or navigating dangerous straits. Unfortunately, we can only just allude to a few of these schemes. M. de Lesseps, for instance, not long ago obtained in the interest of a French company a concession from the king of Siam authorizing him to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Malacca, which would save five hundred miles between Europe and China, and do away with the dangers attending the passage through the Straits of Malacca. America has kept pace with Europe in the formation of these schemes. Besides the Nicaragua Canal, which is to rival the now almost forsaken works at Panama, there is a proposal for cutting off the Peninsula of Florida which is pretty sure to be sooner or later put into operation. Connected with this last is

one for making a water-way to save vessels the necessity of rounding Cape Cod, as also are two others, one for connecting New York and Delaware Bay, and the other for joining Delaware Bay with Chesapeake Bay. By means of these canals, worked in connection with the Florida and Nicaragua undertakings, the Americans hope to get complete control of the commerce of South America. No doubt the canals would do much to place the coasting trade of the continent in American hands, but it would not be wise to exaggerate their importance. The only great saving of time accomplished would be at Nicaragua. That great work, if it is successfully carried through, will undoubtedly confer enormous benefits on commerce. It will, it must be remembered, have one great advantage over ordinary dug-out canals like that of Suez. A great part of its course will be either by the San Juan River, through the great Nicaragua Lake, or along "basins" — *i.e.*, artificial lakes formed by damming up river-valleys. Indeed, there will only be some twenty-eight miles of actual canal. This means that out of the one hundred and seventy miles from sea to sea, there will be one hundred and forty-two miles of free navigation. Under these circumstances, the delays usually incidental to canals will be very much reduced. Meantime, it is just possible that the Panama Canal may, after all, be finished. In that case, we shall have two canals competing with each other for the traffic of the Pacific Ocean. Who knows, too, that some day they may not both pay their shareholders as good dividends as do the three rival railway companies whose lines run between London and Edinburgh?

From Nature.

THE EPIDEMIC OF INFLUENZA.

FOR the first time after an immunity of nearly half a century, our country is again threatened with an epidemic of influenza. The accounts we receive of epidemic illness in Russia, in Germany, and last of all in Paris, seem to make its irruption here every week more imminent. The question will, however, naturally be asked by the public, whether there is any real ground, in the history and in what is known of the nature of the disease, for such an apprehension? Is it a disease really brought from a distance? Is it anything more than the general prevalence of

catarrhal affections, of colds and coughs, which the time of year, and the remarkably unsettled weather we have lately experienced, make readily explicable without any foreign importation? Indeed, is influenza, after all, anything more than a severe form of the fashionable complaint of the season?

To answer the last question first, and so to put it by, there can be little doubt that influenza is a distinct, specific affection, and not a mere modification of the common cold. The grounds for this belief cannot be fully stated here, but may be gathered by reference to the descriptions of the disease as seen in former outbreaks by physicians of the older generation; for instance, by Sir Thomas Watson in his classical "Principles of Physic," or the late Dr. Peacock in his article in Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

These symptoms, the history of the disease, and its distribution, all justify us in treating it as a distinct and specific disease, which when it is prevalent will rarely be mistaken, though, with regard to isolated and sporadic cases, difficulties of diagnosis may arise. About its nature, or its affinities with other diseases, it is unnecessary to speculate. It will be sufficient to inquire what its recorded history in the past justifies us in expecting as to its behavior in the future. There are few cases in which history proves so important an element in the scientific conception of a disease as it does in that of influenza. For hardly any disease shows a more marked tendency to occur in epidemics — that is, in outbreaks strictly limited in point of time. After long intervals of inaction or apparent death, it springs up again. Its chronology is very remarkable. Though probably occurring in Europe from very early times, it first emerged as a definitely known historical epidemic in the year 1510. Since then, more than one hundred general European epidemics have been recorded, besides nearly as many more limited to certain localities. Many of them have in their origin and progress exhibited the type to which that of the present year seems to conform. We need not go further back than the great epidemic of 1782, first traceable in Russia, though there believed to have been derived from Asia. In St. Petersburg, on January 2, coincidentally with a remarkable rise of temperature from 35° F. below freezing to 5° above, forty thousand persons are said to have been simultaneously taken ill. Thence the disease spread over the Continent, where one-half of the in-

habitants were supposed to have been affected, and reached England in May. It was a remarkable feature in this epidemic that two fleets which left Portsmouth about the same time were attacked by influenza at sea about the same day, though they had no communication with each other or with the shore.

There were many epidemics in the first half of this century; and the most important of them showed a similar course and geographical distribution. In 1830 started a formidable epidemic, the origin of which is referred to China, but which at all events by the end of the year had invaded Russia, and broke out in Petersburg in January, 1831. Germany and France were overrun in the spring, and by June it had reached England. Again, two years later, in January, 1833, there was an outbreak in Russia, which spread to Germany and France successively, and on April 3, the first cases of influenza were seen in our metropolis; "all London," in Watson's words, "being smitten with it on that and the following day." On this same fateful day Watson records that a ship approaching the Devonshire coast was suddenly smitten with influenza, and within half an hour forty men were ill. In 1836 another epidemic appeared in Russia; and in January, 1837, Berlin and London were almost simultaneously attacked. Ten years later, in 1847, the last great epidemic raged in our own country, and was very severe in November, having been observed in Petersburg in March, and having prevailed very generally all over Europe.

Some of these epidemics are believed to have travelled still further westward, to America; but the evidence on this point seems less conclusive. Without entering on further historical details, and without speculating on the nature of the disease, we may conclude that these broad facts are enough to show that a more or less rapid extension from east to west has been the rule in most of the great European epidemics of influenza; and that therefore its successive appearance in Russia, Germany, and France, makes its extension to our own country in the highest degree probable.

There are, it is true, certain facts on the other side, but they appear much less cogent. Since our last great visitation, certain epidemics of influenza have been recorded on the Continent which have not reached our shores. One was that of Paris in 1866-67; another at Berlin in 1874-75, of a disease described by the German doc-

tors as influenza, and of great severity, affecting all classes of society. But in all epidemic and even contagious diseases there are outbreaks which seem to be self-limited from the first, showing no tendency to spread. This has been notably the case with plague and cholera. On the other hand, when an epidemic shows an expansive and progressive character, it is impossible to predict the extent to which it may spread. And the present epidemic, it must be confessed, appears to have this expansive character.

Many interesting points are suggested by this historical retrospect. What is the meaning of the westward spread of influenza, of cholera, and other diseases? Is it a universal law? To this it must be said, that it is by no means the universal law even with influenza, which has spread through other parts of the world in every kind of direction, but it does seem to hold good for Europe, at least in the northern parts. The significance of this law, as of the intermittent appearances of influenza, probably is that this is in Europe not an indigenous disease, but one imported from Asia. Possibly we may some day track it to its original home in the East, as the old plague and the modern cholera have been traced.

As regards, however, the European distribution of influenza, it has often been thought to depend upon the prevalence of easterly and north-easterly winds. There are many reasons for thinking that the contagium of this disease is borne through the air by winds rather than by human intercourse. One reason for thinking so is that it does not appear to travel along the lines of human communications, and, as is seen in the infection of ships at sea, is capable of making considerable leaps. The mode of transmission, too, would explain the remarkable facts noticed above of the sudden outbreak of the disease in certain places, and its attacking so many people simultaneously, which could hardly be the case if the infection had to be transmitted from one person to another.

Another important question, and one certain to be often asked, is suggested by the last — namely, whether influenza is contagious. During former epidemics great care was taken to collect the experience of the profession on this point, and its difficulty is shown by the fact that opinions were much divided. Some thought the disease could be transmitted by direct contagion, while others doubted it. But there was and is a general agreement that this is not the chief way in which the dis-

ease spreads, either in a single town, or from place to place.

We must avoid the fascinating topic of the cause of influenza, or our limits would be speedily outrun. But one simple lesson may be drawn from the facts already mentioned — namely, that the disease is not produced by any kind of weather, though that, of all possible causes of disease, is the one most often incriminated in this country. It is true that some of our worst epidemics have occurred in winter, but several have happened in summer; and the disease has been known in all parts of the world, in every variety of climate and atmospheric condition; so that it is certainly not due to a little more or less of heat or cold, moisture or dryness. Its constancy of type, the mode of its transmission, its independence of climatic and seasonal conditions, all suggest that its cause is "specific," — that is, having the properties of growth and multiplication which belong to a living thing.

Whether the disease affects the lower animals is not absolutely certain, but the human epidemic has often been preceded or accompanied by an epidemic among horses of a very similar disease. It is pretty well known that such a disease is now very prevalent among horses in London. Nearly three weeks ago, one of the railway companies in London had one hundred and twenty horses on the sick list, and the epidemic is still by no means extinguished. To a certain extent this must be taken as prognostic of human influenza.

It may be asked if the influenza is really to come, can we form any notion how soon it is likely to appear? On such a point little beyond speculation is possible, for the rate at which the disease travels is extremely variable. Generally, it has taken some weeks, or even months, to traverse Europe, but occasionally much less, as, for instance, in 1833, when it appeared to travel from Berlin to Paris in two days. It is now barely a month since the epidemic became noticeable in Petersburg, where, according to a correspondent of the *British Medical Journal*, it began on November 15 or 17, though sporadic cases had undoubtedly occurred earlier. In the beginning of December it was already widely spread throughout Russia, and, as it would seem from the published accounts, must have been in Berlin about the same time. In Paris the first admitted and recorded cases occurred about December 10, though doubtless there were cases before that date. Both public and private accounts re-

port it exceedingly prevalent there now. In London, notwithstanding the abundance of colds and coughs, and the mysterious rumors which have been afloat, it appears to the present writer doubtful whether any cases of true influenza have yet occurred. But according to its apparent rate of progress, it might, if coming from Paris, have already arrived here; and it may be breaking out even while these lines are going through the press. But, on the whole, one would be disposed to give the epidemic another week or two. If its distribution depends, as it seems to do, on the winds, it is impossible to prophesy with much plausibility. A steady breeze setting in from one of the affected places might bring us an invasion in a very short time; but the current of air would have to be continuous over the whole district. Light local winds, whatever their direction, would, if the hypothesis be correct, have little effect. On the other hand, a steady frost, with an "anticyclone" period, might effectually keep off the disease. If, then, there is anything in the views above stated, prophecy belongs rather to the province of the weather-doctors than of the medical doctors.

Should the prospect seem a grave one, it may be some consolation to remember that an epidemic of influenza rarely lasts more than a few weeks — three to six — in one place; that it is rarely a fatal disease, though affecting large numbers of people; and that the present epidemic seems to have displayed on the Continent a decidedly mild type, which, according to the general rule, it is likely to retain.

J. F. P.

From The Athenæum.
SOME MISSING POEMS OF SIR JOHN
BEAUMONT.

IN Dr. Grosart's introduction to his edition of the poems of Sir John Beaumont (in the "Fuller Worthies Library," 1869) he notes the curious bibliographical fact connected with the volume of 1629, on which volume our knowledge of nearly all Sir John's poems depends, viz., that one leaf (pp. 181-2) has been cut out of every known copy of that edition, obviously with the purpose of cancelling the poems contained on it. Fortunately a clue has been left for the discovery of the missing poems. In one of the copies in the British Museum the leaf has been so clumsily cut out as to leave the initial letters of

most of the lines on one page; and the same is the case, to a much smaller extent, with a copy in the Bodleian. Dr. Grosart prints these initial letters in his introduction (p. lxiii); and by this means the lost poems, by a fortunate accident, have been discovered and identified. Among the Stowe collection of MSS., which came into the British Museum from the Ashburnham Library, is a paper volume of fourteen leaves containing manuscript poems by Sir John Beaumont. It is not by any means a complete collection of his works, but it contains two poems that are not given in Dr. Grosart's edition. One of these, entitled "On the death of many good People slaine by the fall of a floore att a Catholike Sermon in Black Friars," is unquestionably one of the missing poems, as its initial letters agree with those preserved in the printed copy mentioned above. The other is a poem "Of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady," and this is in all probability the poem which was contained on the other side of the cancelled leaf; and it may fairly be conjectured that the reason for the cancelling was the leaning shown in both these poems to the Roman Catholic religion. It was probably thought that it would give offence in some quarters, and accordingly the leaf was cancelled after the edition had been printed off.

The following are the poems which have been thus restored to our author. The spelling of the MS. is preserved:—

ON THE DEATH OF MANY GOOD PEOPLE, ETC.,
(*vid. supra*).

Mann hath no fast defence, noe place of rest
Betweene the earthe and mansyon of the blest.
Rayse him on high, yet still he downward falls;
Depressing death our heavy Bodyes calls
To his low caves: no soule can pierce the
skyes,

But first the fleshe must sincke wth hope to
ryse.

See here the Trophees of that rig'rous hand
Whose force no wordlie [*sic*] mixture cann
withstand:

ffor yt united Elements devids
And parts their frendly league to diff'rent
sides.

In this most dolefull picture wee display
The gen'rall ruine on the iudgement day.
Thrice happy they whom that last hower shall
fynd

Soe cleerely watching in such ready mynde,
As was this blessed flocke whoe fyld their
eares

With pious Counsellis and their eyes with
Teares;

Whose harts were ravisht with a sacred Bell
And heav'nly Trumpett when the chamber
fell.

And that the preacher's wordes might more
prevaile

When he describes this Life unsure and frayle
God by his death would confirmacon give
To make impressyon on our brests that live.
Rest safe, deare Saynts, and may this fun'rall
songe

Become a charme to ev'ry Serpent's Tonge.

OF THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

Whoe is shee that assends so high
Next the heavenlye Kinge,
Round about whome Angells flie
And her prayses singe?

Whoe is shee that, adorned wth light,
Makes the sunne her Robe,
At whose feete the Queene of night
Layes her changing globe?

To that Crowne direct thine eye
Which her heade attyes;
There thou mayst her name discrie
Wrytt in starry fires.

This is shee in whose pure wombe
Heav'ns Prince remain'd;
Therefore in no earthly Tombe
Cann shee be contain'd.

Heaven shee was web held that fire
Whence the world tooke light,
And to heav'n doth now aspire,
flames wth flames to unite.

Shee that did soe clearely shyne
When our day begunne,
See how bright her beames decline
Nowe shee sytts wth the sunne.

While on the subject of Sir John Beaumont, it may be mentioned that the British Museum lately came into possession of a MS. poem entitled "The Crowne of Thornes." Unfortunately there is strong internal evidence that this is not the missing poem by Sir John Beaumont which bore that title. F. G. KENYON.

From Chambers' Journal.

SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY.

THE ever-increasing substitution of machinery in place of hand-labor in all branches of industry is too often witnessed to need either comment or enforcement. Our readers, indeed—so accustomed are the public to novel adaptations of mechanical power—may hardly evince surprise in learning that the labors of the inventor have been successfully applied to furnishing means for shearing sheep by machinery, and that possibly ere long the well-known hand-shears used for this purpose will have given place to a patent shears

actuated by steam power, which will perform its work in a cheaper, speedier, and more effectual manner.

The sheep-shearing machine recently placed before the public is due to Mr. Frederick York Wolseley, of Euroca Station, New South Wales—a brother of the distinguished soldier of that name—who has devoted many years of patient ingenuity to perfecting his invention. The machine itself may be briefly described as follows: A toothcomb upon which works a three-bladed knife, in the same manner as a patent horse-clipper, is pushed by the operator into the fleece of the animal to be sheared, the cutter being actuated by a cord of round gut, working inside a flexible tube six feet six inches in length. The flexible tube leaves the operator free to work the comb and cutters backwards and forwards.

Shafting of ordinary description is erected in the shearing-house, carrying wheels two feet in diameter and five feet apart, the motion being communicated from the main shafting to a series of leather bevel-wheels situated below, each of which in its turn imparts a rotary movement to the gut core inside the flexible tube, and so to the small rods working the crank inside the casing of the machine. The pressure of the cutter on the comb is regulated by a tension-screw on the back of the shears. All the working parts are covered, with the exception of the comb and cutter.

Hand-labor, horse-power, water-power, or a steam-engine (portable, if desired) with a boiler to burn either wood or coal, can be employed to furnish motive power to the main shafting, as the facilities of

each locality or the number of sheep to be dealt with may demand.

One man, it may be added, can furnish power sufficient for three machines; a horse can drive from ten to twenty of them; whilst an eight horse-power steam-engine will actuate one hundred shears. The time occupied in shearing one sheep with the new patent is from three and a half to five minutes.

Many advantages are claimed for the novelty now under consideration. The work is performed more thoroughly than by hand, it being calculated that on an average some ten additional ounces of wool per merino sheep are obtained by its employment. The operation, moreover, is carried out more humanely, the cuts and stabs often inflicted in hand-shearing, more especially when executed as "piece-work," being entirely avoided, together with the consequent damage and deterioration to the pelts. It has been estimated that no less than one per cent. of the animals perish from injuries due principally to hand-shearing. The labor entailed on the operator is also considerably reduced; and aching hands, swollen wrists, and cuts or stabs to the worker himself, should be things of the past.

A series of exhaustive trials in Australia abundantly testify to the high esteem in which the new machine, the cost of which is very moderate, is held. When it is added in conclusion that Australia alone is computed to hold upwards of one hundred millions of sheep, it is evident how wide a field, if only in that one quarter of the globe, exists for the new sheep-shearing machine.

ISLAM AND ISRAEL.—Dr. Hirschfeld in his lecture at Jews' College, it may be noted, treated the Koran with the fullest sympathy and respect—a fact on which all the Jewish speakers who took part in the discussion were unanimous. It would indeed be difficult for a scholar to devote time and thought to a subject without acquiring a certain amount of sympathy with the object of his devotion. It is therefore the more striking that one or two English Christian theologians, whose whole work lies in the history of the Pharisees, have never succeeded in reaching a sympathetic or even a just attitude toward the much maligned Pharisee of old. The discussion on Sunday night at Jews' College was enlivened by the

part taken in it by two Moslem gentlemen, whose defence of their faith evoked the warmest applause. The speakers were received with the most marked cordiality, and though the audience could not be in complete sympathy with them, yet all showed their respect for the enthusiasm evoked for another religion. The Jews in the Middle Ages received so many favors at the hands of the Mahomedans, when indeed the countries swayed by Islam were the only asylum open to the sons of Jacob, that it would have been ungenerous in a Jewish audience to receive representatives of Islam with any but a friendly demeanor. Nevertheless, the fact may be chronicled as not devoid of interest and importance.

Jewish Chronicle.

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